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Volume CCXXXVII Number 3083

28 SEPTEMBER 1960

KEEPING WINTER AT BAY



Exotic exaggeration of peony pink tulle, hundreds of layers of it, gathered into a turban by Bernard Devaux at Lanvin-Castillo. A glittering Oriental jewel in brilliants is worn on the forehead. Cover photographed by MICHEL MOLINARE. For further fashionable Parisian madness in hats turn to page 638

IN A BID to hang on to the departed summer, this week's issue does its best to keep the sun shining. *Venetian holidays* sets the pattern, with a pictorial report from Brodrick Haldane of people who took time off in Venice earlier this month (page 615 onwards). Desmond O'Neill adds a remarkable picture of the Grand Canal thronged with gondolas for the spectacular "Cool of the Evening" festival (page 618). Then, still outdoor-minded, there's Lady Sempill's barn dance at Colchester (page 628), tennis at Hurlingham (page 626), and horse trials in Somerset (page 623). Finally driven inside, Ilse Gray & Minette Shepard suggest *How to make summer last longer* by turning on the heat—this being the time to see about new appliances for keeping the temperature sub-tropical through the winter. Adding to the general air of frivolity, though not strictly summery, are: 1. the latest hats from Paris (page 638 onwards)—the hats shown can nearly all be bought or made over here, and 2. Salvador Dali's outlandish designs at his London exhibition (page 630). Not so funny in this case are the prices. . . .

Talking about being funny, many people (and this includes us) think that Briggs is the most consistently funny strip in the business. This is not guesswork, either—once Briggs was left out of the magazine by mistake and the telephone rang with indignant complaints all the week. Alex Graham, the Scots creator of this national institution, has been drawing Briggs 13 years this month. Those who always turn first to his latest cartoon will be able to find it faster than ever this week, for Briggs has been moved forward. Just turn to page 608. . . .

A more solemn topic, though touched with farce: *The new diplomacy*. As Krushchev and the other pillars of the Communist world parade at UNO the onlooker can only wonder whether diplomats matter any more. Certainly their bosses seem to do their work for them nowadays. Lord Killearn, once ambassador in Cairo, gives his own view of the prospects for what used to be one of the most glamorous of careers (page 620). . . .

Next week: After-dinner stars . . . Gulbenkian on cigars . . . Get the cork out of your wine knowledge

PS.: Muriel Bowen is on holiday. She will be reporting the social news again next week

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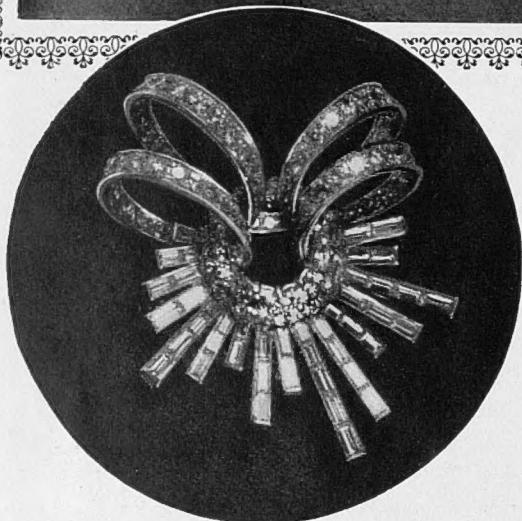
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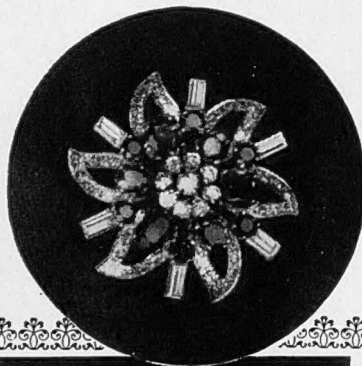
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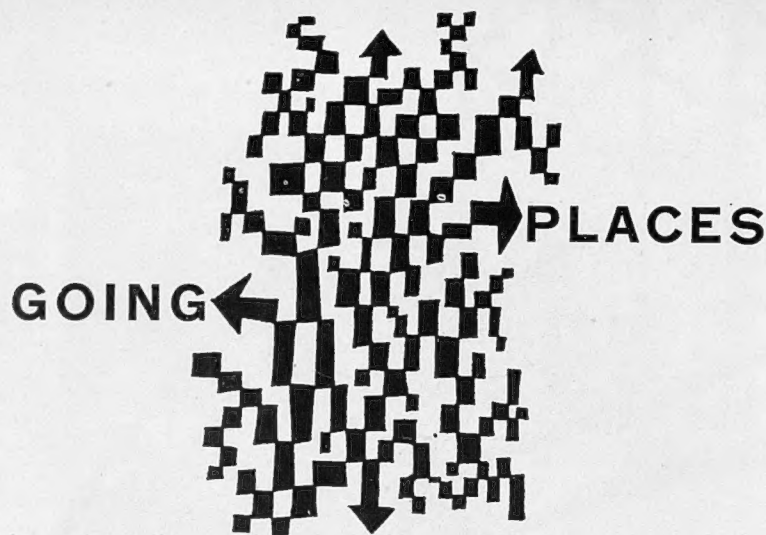
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Susan Small



SOCIAL

Joyce Grenfell (monologues & songs), Scala Theatre, until 1 October, for seven charities. Tickets: from 6s. to 5 gns. from the Marquesa de Casa Maury. (KEN 8600.)

Benenden Ball, Quaglino's Ballroom, 29 September. Details: Mrs. Dalrymple, Wycherleys, Benenden. **Exhibition of Flower Arrangements**, 30 September & 1 October, 2 to 6.30 p.m., Royal Hospital & Home for Incurables, Putney.

Worth Fashion Show, 3 p.m. or 6 p.m., 3 October, Wentworth Golf Club, for the Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association (Surrey Branch). Tickets: 25s. single, 2 gns. double, from Lady Heald, Chilworth Manor, Guildford, Surrey.

Horse of the Year Show, Wembley, 4 to 8 October.

Grand Ball, 7 October, Eastnor Castle, Ledbury, Herefordshire, in aid of Church of England Children's Society. Tickets: Luke Tilley & Son, 16 & 17 High Street, Ledbury. **Cesarewitch**, Newmarket, 12 October.

International Motor Show, Earls Court, 19 to 29 October.

Victoria League Gala Concert, Festival Hall, 25 October, will be attended by the Queen Mother. Tickets: from 5s. to 3 gns. from the

Festival Hall or for League members from Col. E. G. H. Clarke, Victoria League.

Beechwood Ball, 3 November, Quaglino's Ballroom, in aid of St. Anne's Youth Club, Vauxhall. Tickets: 2 gns. from Miss T. Mullen, 62 Leith Mansions, W.9.

SPORT & SHOWS

Pheasant shooting starts, 1 October.

Trout fishing ends (England & Wales), 30 September.

Athletics: Olympic Stars meeting, White City, today.

Golf: Gleneagles Hotel Tournament, Perthshire, today to 1 Oct.; Ladies Home International matches, Gullane, 4-6 October.

R.H.S. Great Autumn Show, Westminster, to 29 September; **National Honey Show**, Caxton Hall, Westminster, 29 October-1 October; **Royal East Berks Show**, Maidenhead, 1 October.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. The *Ring* cycle. 30 September, *Götterdämmerung*, 6 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *La Traviata*, 5, 7 October; *Tannhäuser*, 6, 12 October; *Tosca*, 8, 13 October. 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. *Il Barbiere di*

Siviglia (Paisiello), by Virtuosi di Roma, tonight; London Philharmonic Orchestra, 29 September; Hallé Orchestra, 1 October; London Symphony Orchestra, 3 October (inc. Schoenberg's 1st Violin Concerto—first London performance). All 8 p.m. (WAT. 3191.)

ART

Salvador Dali Exhibition, Sotheby's, New Bond Street, W.1. (See page 630.)

Prunella Clough (paintings & drawings), Whitechapel Gallery, E.1. **Robert Adams & Pierre Courtin** (sculpture & engravings), Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. **Phoebus Tuttnauer**, paintings, Alfred Brod Gallery, Sackville St., to 5 October.

EXHIBITIONS

International Salon of Photography, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 1 October.

Craftsman-Made Furniture, Building Centre, Store St., W.C.1, to 7 October.

International Commercial Motor Transport Exhibition, Earls Court, to 1 October.

Business Efficiency Exhibition, Olympia, 3-12 October.

FESTIVALS

Cheltenham Festival of Art & Literature, to 7 October.

Coventry Festival Of Music, to 2 October.

Southport Music Festival, to 1 October.

National Gaelic Mod, Edinburgh, 2-8 October.

Felixstowe Drama Festival (one-act plays), 1-8 October.

FAIR

Chelsea Antiques Fair, Town Hall, Chelsea, 5-15 October.

FIRST NIGHTS

Phoenix Theatre. *The Last Joke*. Tonight.

Lyric, Hammersmith, Mr. Johnson, 29 September.

Arts Theatre. *Naked Island*. 29 September.

Old Vic. *Romeo & Juliet*. 4 October. **Mermaid Theatre**. Mr. Burke, M.P. 6 October.

Fortune Theatre. *And Another Thing*. 6 October.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 643.

Waiting In The Wings. "... retired actresses trying to get on with each other in a home run by public charity. ... Mr. Coward has supplied, if not good scenes, then many good lines." Sybil Thorndike, Marie Löhr, Lewis Casson, Mary Clare. (Duke of York's, TEM 5122.)

The Amorous Prawn. "... a hearty farce packed with stuff that keeps the audience laughing." Evelyn Laye, Stanley Baxter, Walter Fitzgerald. (Saville, TEM 4011.)

Ross. "... this fine play ... Mr. Rattigan's sense of theatre works unfailingly ... magnificent teamwork." Alec Guinness, Harry Andrews, Anthony Nicholls, Mark Dignam. (Theatre Royal, Haymarket, WHI 9832.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 644.

Song Without End. "... the life story of Franz Liszt ... much to admire and enjoy ... splendid bravura performance ... an extremely handsome film altogether." Dirk Bogarde, Genevieve Page, Capucine, Ivan Desny, Martita Hunt. (Columbia Theatre, REG 5414.)

The Fugitive Kind. "... back in that benighted hell-hole Mr. Tennessee Williams's Deep South ... flashes of poetry ... only serve to emphasize the general gloom." Anna Magnani, Marlon Brando, Joanne Woodward. (London Pavilion, GER 2982.)

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GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Emberson's Wine Bar & Buffet, Pelham Street, S.W.7. Open 11.30 a.m.-3 p.m. and 5.30 p.m.-9 p.m. "Where can we get something cold before the theatre?" is a question often asked. Emberson's is a good answer in South Kensington. The wine bar and buffet (with foods that grace properly a cold table) are in adjoining rooms, and they serve wine by the glass in a pleasant beamed and panelled room.

Le Rêve, 330 King's Road, Chelsea. (FLA 8572.) C.S. This small restaurant is bright and cheerful, the menu is quite big, and the standard of cooking high. *Pâté* (and it is

really "maison") costs 2s. 6d., an *osso buco*, the best I have had for a long time, 9s. There is an adequate set lunch for 5s. Bring your bottle or send out. For the latter service there is a charge of 6d., which I feel is a mistake. It is not the customer's fault that the licensing justices have not yet smiled upon this establishment. W.B.

The Mogul Rooms, Jermyn Street, W.1. Unlike many "Indian" restaurants this one is spacious, comfortable and well appointed. There is a wide choice of curries—I give full marks to the chicken curry. The mulligatawny soup and Indian fruit salad are also pleasant and out of the ordinary. There are French and English dishes too.

Service is swift and attentive, but the coffee and the soup could be hotter. Full licence, prices reasonable.

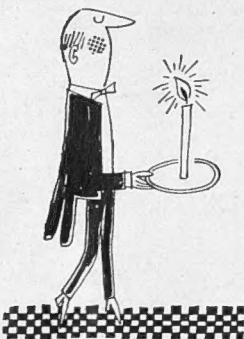
Harrods. The Georgian Room. Luncheon only. (SLO 1234.) C.S. An idea that dies hard is that people avoid the restaurants of large stores and that the food is uninteresting anyhow. A meal in the Georgian Room is sufficient to remove this impression for good. The cooking is first-rate, as plenty have found. From a tour of the kitchens I gained an impression of top-quality products being prepared with great efficiency. The wine list is chosen from the store's own cellars—I need give it no higher praise. Next door, for those in more of a hurry is the **A La Carte Café**. It specializes in cold dishes, but there are always some hot ones as well. The *pièce de résistance* is a large and attractive help-yourself *smörgåsbord* table. W.B. **Balkan Grill**, 20a Baker Street. (WEL 5945.) C.S. This restaurant's name describes it perfectly. Here are the dishes of Greece, Turkey, Syria and the Lebanon (most of them off a charcoal fire). Some of

the clientele come from the same part of the world. Amusing in that it's different. W.B. at night.

La Carafe, 15 Lowndes Street. (SLO 3011.) C.S. This is one of London's smallest restaurants, but it has an international reputation. As in all the Wheelers' establishments the fish is excellent, the wine list carefully chosen and the service highly polished. You sit pretty close, but that is how many people like it nowadays. W.B.

Wiltshire retreat

Malmesbury, The Old Bell, Abbey Row. (Tel. 2344.) In this fine old house, literally joining the Abbey and once a monastic building, the Fleming family and their cheerful staff make you both welcome and comfortable. The cooking is good—the *pâté de chef* outstanding—the wine list small but adequate, the beds comfortable and the water boiling hot. Perhaps it is a carping criticism, in view of the garden's charms, to say that the bedrooms at the front would be lighter if the Virginia creeper were cut back from the windows. W.B. dinner at weekends.



GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas

Sutherland

WHEN PAUL RAYMOND ANNOUNCED that he was going into the late-night restaurant business there were many who felt that perhaps this ambitious 28-year-old king of striptease might be going places too far and too fast. As I announced a few weeks ago, he has bought the old *Celebrité* restaurant in Clifford Street and I went along last week to see how the new venture is working out. Shortly the whole place is to undergo a face-lift and will re-emerge as London's *Bal Tabarin*. Meantime Raymond had been resigned to running at a loss while he tried out a formula for attracting the customers—but it has run at a profit since the week he started and already looks set fair to proving a resounding success. The reason is not far to seek. He gives value for money.

The *Celebrité* is not a club but a late-night restaurant of the type that is becoming increasingly popular. There is much to be said for an evening out in a place where you can drink, dine, see an elaborate floor show and dance into the small hours of the morning all under one roof—and for a reasonable outlay. At the

Celebrité they charge £1 per head cover-charge at the door, and this entitles you to dance until 2.30 a.m. and see the floor show, which lasts well over an hour. There is no obligation to have a meal and you could, if you were eccentric enough, sit through the whole proceedings and dance without incurring any further expense. In fact food and drink are good and not dear. You can eat *à la carte* for about a guinea a head and drink a reasonable bottle of *Médoc* for 20s. There are few wines over 30s. and bar drinks are at normal prices. Altogether a venture that deserves to succeed and looks like doing so.

Much has already been written about Eartha Kitt and Shirley Bassey, currently appearing at *Talk of the Town* and the *Pigalle* respectively. Of these competing attractions, my money is on Eartha, but I may be influenced in my judgment as much by gastronomic as artistic considerations. I do not react well to the two-hour pressure technique at the *Pigalle* and prefer the more leisurely, and incidentally less expensive, outing at *Talk of the Town*. There you can have a three-

course dinner and a five-and-a-half hour entertainment for 47s. 6d. a head. The cabaret starts at 10 p.m. with 45 minutes of the *Follies* followed by 45 minutes of Eartha Kitt. You can then dance until 1.30 a.m. Eartha Kitt will be there for another couple of months and is well worth a visit.

Incidentally, the star-name battle seems to have started in earnest, with the *Pigalle* and *Talk of the Town* making the running. Eartha Kitt will, I know, be followed by

I know, too, that George Carden, the well-known choreographer, will be producing the new cabaret at *Churchills*, which also opens on 10 October. This will be his first venture into the nightclub business.

The Carden girls are, of course, famous but there has been extensive auditioning to find new talent for the *Churchill* chorus line. Clubs who don't compete in the big star name market spend real money on finding girls with above-average looks and ability. *Churchill's* say



EARTHA KITT at the *Talk of the Town*

another big name and Al Burnett has ambitious plans for the winter season. Dan Dailey opens at the *Pigalle* on 10 October and will be there for a month. Audrey Jeans, singer and comedienne, opens at the *Society* (another Burnett enterprise) on the same night.

that this new show is going to put them at the top of the poll. A different view is held by Bruce Brace at *Winston's* over the road whose new show comes in about the same time. Add to this Paul Raymond's well-known taste in these matters and we can reckon on a fair degree of competition around the corner of Bond Street and Clifford Street.

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GOING PLACES ABROAD

Doone Beal

The hidden miniatures

AUTUMN is the perfect time to enjoy Italy's art cities of Venice, Florence and Siena. But the adventurous traveller should also visit some rather less obvious towns that, though perhaps not worth a pilgrimage, certainly merit a detour. Not far from the main centres is Mantua (only an hour and a half from Venice), and a short distance from there, Parma. In another area, of which I shall write next week, Arezzo completes a geographic triangle with Florence and Siena; and Perugia and Assisi are a little farther south.

Mantua is one of the most interesting little art towns in northern Italy. It is a walled city, that lies, apparently isolated, in the low marshes of the Po valley. Its Palazzo Ducale, originally built in the 14th century but added to much later, is the largest of its kind outside the Vatican. It embraces the Castle of San Giorgio and the church of San Barbara, whose rose-red campanile is a landmark for miles around. Not all of its 500-odd rooms are open to the public, but one can see a Hall of Mirrors, a Hall of the Rivers and one of the Marriage Chambers, which is frescoed by Mantegna. Less formidable and tiny by comparison is the delightful Palazzo Te, which was built and decorated by Giulio Romano in the early 16th century and architecturally perfect.

The cathedral, too, contains

many treasures including a Roman sarcophagus and sculptures by Primaticcio. But the atmosphere of the town itself also fascinates. Its very flatness, and the quality of the late afternoon light over its Romanesque buildings, the marshes and the water, give it a strange beauty. The Piazza dell' Erbe, facing the 11th-century rotunda of San Lorenzo, with its wheeling pigeons, airy bells and flower barrels crammed to bursting point is enchanting. Two restaurants I commend are the Garibaldini, just off the Piazza dell' Erbe, in a cool vine-roofed courtyard. And the one belonging to the Hotel Italia—not a word of English spoken, and excellent food.

Lying between Mantua and Parma, Sabbionetta is misleadingly called (even by people who ought to know better) the Little Athens. Maybe it is a long-term pay-off for the number of towns that, boasting a strip of canal, will plagiarize the name of Venice but it does this dusty little town, once a miniature state, an injustice in that it leads the visitor to expect a full scale orchestra when all he gets is a thinnish string quartet. If you take the time to probe, it is interesting. Created entirely by Vespiana Gonzaga, the first Duke of Sabbionetta, it passed through Spanish and Austrian control and was occupied by the Empress Marie Theresa; before reverting finally to



MANSSELL COLLECTION

The Basilica di Sant' Andrea in Mantua

Mantua. Its gardens are formal, beautiful and remote. Of several palaces, the long gallery of the Summer Palace is an astonishing exercise in perspective. With all the melancholy of its decayed riches, Sabbionetta remains a remarkable example of one man's might and talent.

Parma is the home of violets (and a huge accompanying perfume industry), Verdi, Toscanini and Correggio. It has one of the oldest and toughest operative traditions in Europe (the season is in January) and is also known for tomato canning, ham curing, cheese production, and wonderful food. It is altogether a strange city, divided by what (in summer, anyway) is an almost dry river called the Torrent. On its vast beds of bright grass and white pebbles, I saw horses out at pasture and I'm assured that in the spring the violets really *do* grow on the banks.

Politically it is strange, too, since it had a long heritage under the Farnese family and is now, together with the rest of the state of Emilia, one of Italy's more disturbing areas of Communism—though this is in no way evident to the visitor. Parma's pride in having given birth to both Verdi and Toscanini is only equalled by the affection of the Parmesana for their adopted Austrian, Marie Louise, who was made Duchess of Parma after the Treaty of Paris. She was an energetic patron of the

arts among a people who cared passionately and critically for them. It is interesting to compare Canova's lovely statue of her in Parma's National Gallery with a less kindly portrait by Borghesi which depicts her as rouged, tightly curled and rather aggressive.

The National Gallery contains some magnificent paintings including works by Beato Angelico, Tiepolo, and Canaletto. But Parma's greatest treasure is the Correggios. Bernhard Berenson remarked that a Titian was perhaps inevitable in Venice, a Michaelangelo in Florence, but that Correggio "in the petty principalities of Emilia" was a miracle. He was surely the first painter ever to portray children as they really were, and not as doll-sized adults. Apart from those in the gallery, some enchanting examples are the oval frescoes on the ceiling of the Chamber of St. Paul, nearby.

Don't try to hurry through Parma. There is a great deal more to see than I have had space to mention here, and it repays a good three days of the most interesting sightseeing, which can be punctuated by some of Italy's best food (make the Aurore restaurant first base). Its nearness to the hills of Salsomaggiore and the pleasant little spa there is another inducement to visit what is a rewarding and, by English standards, a rather neglected part of Italy.



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Weddings



Byng—Cobb: The Hon. Frances Byng, daughter of Viscount Torrington, and Mrs. G. M. Whitaker, of Weeton, Yorks, married Anthony, son of Mr. B. Cobb and the late Mrs. Cobb, of Blackheath, at St. Etheldreda's, Holborn

KNIGHTSBRIDGE STUDIOS
Ashken—Drawbridge: Tanya, only daughter of Dr. & Mrs. L. Handley Ashken, of Mill Hill, N.W.7, married John, only son of Mr. & Mrs. O. S. Drawbridge, of Wellington, N.Z., at All Saints', Steep, Petersfield

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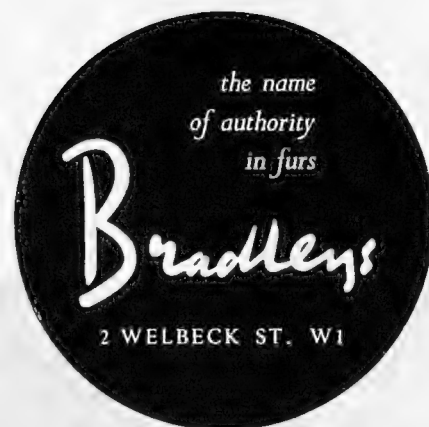


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THE TATLER & BYSTANDER

28 SEPTEMBER 1960



Venetian holidays



Just like the Riviera, Venice is afflicted with crowds, film festivals, tourist coachloads and traffic jams—the only difference being that the jams are on the canals. But, just like the Riviera, Venice presses on with its social season, which continues to thrive regardless.

BRODRICK HALDANE'S camera picks out, from the throngs of San Marco, some of this year's visitors, and he describes overleaf what went on

Statue's view of the crowds in the Piazza San Marco. The statue (right) is the bronze striker on the clock tower by the cathedral. His bell is part of the clock, the carillon bells being housed in the famous campanile. Top, right: Riva degli Schiavoni, the southern waterfront and promenade





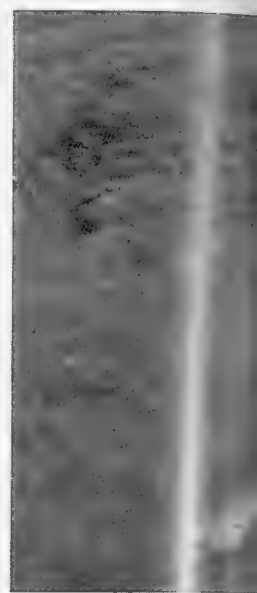
Mr. Timothy Hennessy—paintings in a garden



Miss Diana van der Hoop, daughter of Baron van der Hoop



Mrs. Patrick Lane, wife of the U.K. Consul, and daughter Nicola



VENETIAN HOLIDAYS *continued*

THEY SAY it's not until the film festival is over and the stars, starlets and entourages are safely back on the mainland that the Venetian season gets its second wind. Still breathless myself, I can see what they mean. Apart from the jamboree atmosphere while the film people are there, I heard of a side-effect from **Baroness Kuffner**, the abstract painter, who was staying at the Excelsior on the Lido with her husband and granddaughters, Putti & Christie Foxall. When she went out, wearing her high-crowned wide-brimmed hat, she was repeatedly besieged by coveys of autograph-hunters believing she was Greta Garbo.

Socially, Venice this season has been more intimate and less spectacular in its entertaining—always excepting the annual ball of **Contessa Volpi di Misurata**, which does not lend itself to scaling down. As usual, **Conte & Contessa Vendramina Marcello**—the most charming and hospitable of Venetians—have been giving dinner and cocktail parties at their *palazzo* off the Grand Canal. There one evening was the neat and impeccable **Madame Lilia Ralli**. She was staying with **Don Carlos Beistegui** at the fabulous Labia palace, where the **Duc & Duchesse de Talleyrand** and Spanish-born **Countess John de Bendor** & her small son, Michael, were also guests. Other residents like **Conte Andi di Robilant** & his wife (former ballerina Alicia Alanova) prefer to take their friends to off-beat restaurants, unknown to the average visitor. The Robilants had been on a motor tour through France, camping out *en*

Countess Paul Münster, sister of the Countess of Ilchester



The Lido, with the Excelsior beach in the foreground



Miss Shirley MacLaine—voted best actress of the festival



Rosanna Schiaffino, the Italian actress, was a film festival attraction



Lady Honor Svejdar, the Earl of Iveagh's eldest daughter, stayed at the Cipriani



Mrs. Peggy Guggenheim in her gondola, one of the few private ones left

route. I found them having drinks at Florian's one evening in the Piazza San Marco with **Comte & Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraigues** (daughter of the late Sir John Latta).

Others to be seen at one time or another at Florian's were **Lord Greville**, the **Hon. John & Mr. Hare**—over from the Cipriani on Giudecca—and **Serge Lifar**. With Mr. Lifar, one unexpectedly stormy morning, I set out in a motor launch to put tuberose on the grave of Diaghilev on the burial isle of San Michele—this being the anniversary of his death.

On another (sunnier) morning I crossed the Grand Canal to visit that staunch patroness of modern art, **Mrs. Peggy Guggenheim**, who lives in a low, rambling building with white walls festooned with vines, known locally as the *palazzo non compiuto* since it has never been completed. Mrs. Guggenheim (whose brother built the Guggenheim Museum in New York) seems always to be at home and ready to welcome friends and strangers who wander round her palace as if it were an art gallery—which indeed it is.

She has acquired so many pictures—the dining-room is hung with Picassos—that not long ago she was obliged to build a pavilion in the garden as an overflow.

At a wonderful party given by **Contessa Lydia di Sangro** in a *palazzo* with superlative rooms and possessions I met **Mr. Timothy**

Hennessy, who is married to the former **Contessina Andriana Marcello** and has the most enchanting house. Exactly where it is would be hard to explain since I got lost in a labyrinth of alleyways trying to find it. Timothy Hennessy (who also has an apartment in Paris and a little house in Greece), is one of the most adventurous of modern painters and for my benefit he had put on a display of his latest work in his garden—large, intricately designed and gaily hued tapestry-like banners.

At a cocktail party given by the British consul, **Mr. Patrick Lane**, and his good-looking wife at the consulate close to the Accademia, I met another of Venice's perennial visitors, **Mr. Arthur Jeffress** (of the gallery). He has a house near the Grand Canal and he also has the distinction of being one of the three remaining people to keep a private gondola. I should mention too that he is the only man I have ever seen to use a fan.



The Hon. John Hare, Minister of Labour, and Miss Linda McNair Scott at Florian's

Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraigues with Contessa Volpi di Misurata. Bottom: Mrs. Timothy Hennessy and Mr. Henry Lenning





VENETIAN HOLIDAYS *concluded*

Festival by night

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DESMOND O'NEILL

Jammed so close together that you could cross the Grand Canal by using them as stepping-stones, the gondolas by the Rialto bridge (right) are taking part in Venice's annual Cool of the Evening festival. It used to be a piece of merrymaking as relaxing as its name. Now it is so crowded with tourists that it has become almost as nerve-racking as London during the rush hour. The idea is a sort of super-colossal version of that Venetian trademark the singing gondolier. Only, instead of a gondola there's the Galleggiante—a huge illuminated raft (above)—and instead of a gondolier there's an entire chorus and orchestra from La Fenice theatre. As the raft sails slowly down the Grand Canal, leading singers aboard render a succession of arias outside prominent palazzos. A vast floating procession surrounds the Galleggiante as it proceeds on its three-hour marathon through the city to the finale outside the church of Santa Maria della Salute. It is led by an illuminated swan (top) and escorted by other set-pieces. White-coated police in impotent speedboats try vainly to marshal the waterborne crowd, but nobody can hear them in the excited hubbub, let alone above the music. Like so much else there, it could only happen in Venice . . .





THE NEW DIPLOMACY



TEMPLE of the new diplomacy and (opposite page)
the high priest—Mr. Krushchev addressing
UNO's General Assembly during his first
historic visit to the United States last year



Once ambassadors negotiated in private; today statesmen read speeches at each other in public BY LORD KILLEARN

I DO NOT SUPPOSE many people remember that we nearly had a war in 1912—or that the fact that we didn't was due to the efficient working of diplomacy as it still functioned in those days. Sir Edward Grey, one of our greatest foreign secretaries, was in office (it was immediately after the Balkan War) and there was an acute international crisis over Albania. A European war was threatening. Grey called a meeting of the Great Powers in London. Did the foreign secretaries pack their bags and take train to London giving Press conferences on the way? They did not. They instructed their ambassadors in London to confer together with the British Foreign Secretary.

Meetings began in December, 1912, and continued intermittently when necessary until August, 1913, by which time the crisis had fizzled out. To quote Grey's own words: "There was no formal finish, we were not photographed in a group, we had no votes of thanks, no valedictory speeches, we just left off meeting. . . . When we ceased to meet the present danger to the peace of Europe was over."

One cannot imagine anything like that happening nowadays. Grey would fly off to UNO, negotiations would be conducted by camera instead of *in camera*, and at the end of it all one of the few tangible additions to the situation would be a group photograph.

There is no doubt that diplomacy by conference and confrontation is sometimes indispensable, but I think it is essential that it should not be overdone. I remember attending a debate in the House of Lords on the occasion of Mr. K's visit to this country, and it was stated that the late Mr. Dulles had then covered no fewer than 300,000 miles in the course of his conferences and visits. I seriously wonder

whether all his journeys were necessary, and I hope it is not just the suspicion of change that comes from growing older. Keeping embassies is a costly business and nowadays there are more of them than ever. What is the justification for this vast outlay of cash and talent if the new diplomacy by wandering leaders is to become the rule rather than the exception?

As long ago as 1933 Sir Winston Churchill was condemning the travels of Ramsay MacDonald, which were relatively unambitious. "It is much better," he said, "to use the trained diplomatist more," adding later, "men who have made it their life's business to study foreign affairs." Ironically, it was Churchill during his own wartime premiership who helped to set the post-war pattern of "do-it-yourself" diplomacy, with his frequent visits to Roosevelt and other Allied leaders. But it is one thing to have meetings with friends and like minds, and another to expect the personal touch to bridge ideological chasms. To put it bluntly, there are regimes of which governments may do well to be chary and ambassadors were largely intended to deal with them. Why keep a dog and bark oneself? (Can one bark as well as he can?)

Not that diplomacy can expect to stand still. Like everything else it has to change, just as the world has changed since the time when states were under control of princes and diplomacy was a game of wits played between their agents. The *haute diplomatie* in those days resolved itself into a process of exalted haggling, conducted with an utter disregard of ordinary standards of morality but with exquisite politeness, and in accordance with ever more elaborate rules. Among the many changes since then I would say that the most influential in diplomacy has been the revolution in communications. Before the

invention of the telegraph the diplomatic agent was in a far more responsible position than he is now. He can usually obtain immediate instructions from his government on difficult questions as they arise. Similarly ministers of foreign affairs and even heads of state can now hold the threads of diplomacy in their own hands. So I would say that the revolution in communications has been largely responsible for the new diplomacy.

There are two other factors, both partly dependent on improved communications. One is the greater sense of community among the nations. This began to be recognized as long ago as 1791, when in an historic circular dated 17 July the Austrian Count Kaunitz impressed on the Powers the duty of making common cause for the purpose of preserving "public peace, the tranquillity of states, the inviolability of possessions and the faith of treaties." This

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



LORD KILLEARN in his diplomatic days. He was Ambassador to Egypt and High Commissioner for the Sudan for 10 years



PUSHFUL head of state and inveterate exponent of the new diplomacy is Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito. For ever visiting or receiving, he is seen here in France with Guy Mollet (then premier, 1956), in Cairo with Nasser (1955), and in Belgrade with Poland's Gomulka (1957). His latest visit is to UNO, along with Gomulka, Kadar, Uncle K. & all

duty of watching over the common interest has its latest expression in the establishment of UNO, which has called for a new and specialized technique of diplomacy. The other factor is the emergence of public opinion, due to the rise of democracy and its expression in Parliament and Press.

But I have always suspected that other, more human forces have helped to bring about the modern wanderlust of the Olympians. Watching someone else struggle to unravel a tangle, there is often an overwhelming itch to get one's own hands on it in the belief that "I could do it in a minute." Added to this, isn't it always fun to take on for a short time a job which is not directly your own?

The trouble is that a Foreign Secretary's duties (or a Prime Minister's) are numerous and incredibly exacting, and if he takes on those of his ambassadors, something is bound to go—even if it is only his own health. We do not need to look far into the past to see tragic examples of this.

The primary place for a Foreign Secretary is at his desk in the Foreign Office and, like a butler, the better he is doing his job the less you notice him. Your butler may on occasion draw creditable attention to himself by putting out an accidental fire—even so, it would have been better if there had not been a fire.

With all the change in a diplomat's status, I would still send my son into the Foreign Service if he wanted to go—and could pass the exam. After all, a diplomat is chiefly concerned with people, and what could be finer than that? That is why I would put understanding of human nature at the top of the qualities required for diplomatic success. It has always been the essential, even in the days when the Empress Elizabeth of Russia selected on the basis of good looks and a good complexion, and Ottaviano Maggi (a brilliant Renaissance diplomat) listed fluency in six languages and expertness in music, architecture and mathematics! Given an understanding of human nature coupled with fairness-with-firmness, a diplomat should travel to the top of his profession, mathematics or no mathematics.

Along the route, incidentally, the modern

young diplomat is not likely to face some of the problems I faced. I remember, at the end of the Russo-Japanese war, being assigned to discover the exact knee measurement of the Emperor of Japan. This came about because Edward VII had decided to invest him with the Order of the Garter and I (then 23) was appointed secretary of the Garter Mission under Prince

THE NEW DIPLOMACY concluded

BASHFUL head of state, hardly ever intervening in politics (though his constitution permits it), is King Baudouin. Belgium's policy in the Congo is the immediate cause of the UNO spectacular, but at home the big news is the king's engagement to Dona Fabiola de Mora y Aragon (extreme left). They are in the gardens of the Château de Ciergnan with relatives



Arthur of Connaught. The court tailor, not being allowed (so we were told) to touch the royal personage, made a guess of 17 inches, and it was only when we tried the garter on the Governor's A.D.C. in Hongkong that we realized this was too big for any human leg. The garter, literally stiff with diamonds, was held up on the day by elastic and a pin.

But is the outlook for a young diplomat clouded by the politicians' growing habit of intervention? I don't think it is so discouraging

as it seems. The multiplication of states means that no one man can shoulder all the problems of foreign policy. The Foreign Secretary or Prime Minister may be able to master the problems of a few major situations, but there will always be others in which he will have to look to his ambassador. I think it is just as well, for one cannot keep nipping down from Olympus with dignity, and if I remember correctly it was doing this which unstuck Jupiter.



Arrival of guests for the annual St. John Ambulance Brigade ball at the floodlit castle. Below; Miss B. Roadnight competing in the show-jumping section of the Dunster Horse Trials, riding her own Solange

24 HOURS IN THE LIFE OF A CASTLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL

At night the guests, 300 of them, came up the steep hill by bus to the ball—their cars might have caused jams. Next afternoon, dressage and show-jumping enthusiasts gathered on the lawns. It was one more day of incident for ancient Dunster Castle, in Somerset





AT THE BALL: *Lord St. Audries, chairman of the council of the Order of St. John for Somerset*



Mr. Julian Luttrell, whose family have lived at the castle since 1376, and the Hon. Margaret Mackay. Above left: The Hon. Caroline Best, whose coming-out dance is this week, the Earl of Kingston and Mr. Christopher Thomas Everard

24 HOURS
IN
THE LIFE
OF
A CASTLE *continued*

AT THE HORSE TRIALS: *Miss S. Bennett (left) takes a jump on Ballerina IX in the cross country*



Lord Hugh Russell, younger brother of the Duke of Bedford, and his wife. Right: Lord Courtenay, only son of the Earl of Devon, rode Flashlight





Rare Flemish leather paintings, the largest of their kind in the world, hang on some of the walls



Mr. D. A. Stoddart, Mrs. Maunder, Major F. E. Beckett and Lt.-Col. D. A. Holder were officiating in the show jumping section

Shooting note

(OR, DIANA THE HUNTRESS)

*I have never been shooting before,
I could hardly be hating it more.
What's that horrible smell?
Walking's absolute hell
With these nettles all over the floor.*

*That man's dog isn't properly fed,
So I gave it a nice bit of bread.
Rabbit coming this way—
Gosh, you missed him, hooray!
I feel sad when they tumble down dead.*

*I'm just longing to powder my nose.
May we please go inside if it snows?
I shall die if I get
My Capezio's wet—
Not that you'd understand, I suppose.*

*The whole day you've done nothing but harry me—
I'm quite sorry I said you could marry me.
Since you don't care a damn
How exhausted I am
Ask that good-looking beater to carry me.*

*Help, I'm stuck on the top of the gate!
There's no need to get into a state—
Leave your silly old gun,
Come and get me undone!
Heavens darling! Oh, darling, please wait. . . .*

Francis Kinsman

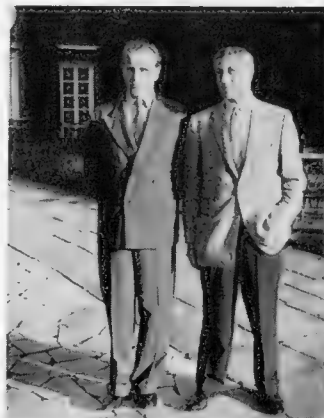


Watching the doubles at Hurlingham

BARRISTERS-AT-PLAY

But the verdict went against them in the case of the tennis match v. Hurlingham Club

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN



Rival captains: Mr. Kenneth Nation-Dixon (Bar L.T.S.) and Mr. J. K. Ashner (Hurlingham)



Mr. Barry Carter & Mr. Tommy Lee for the Bar

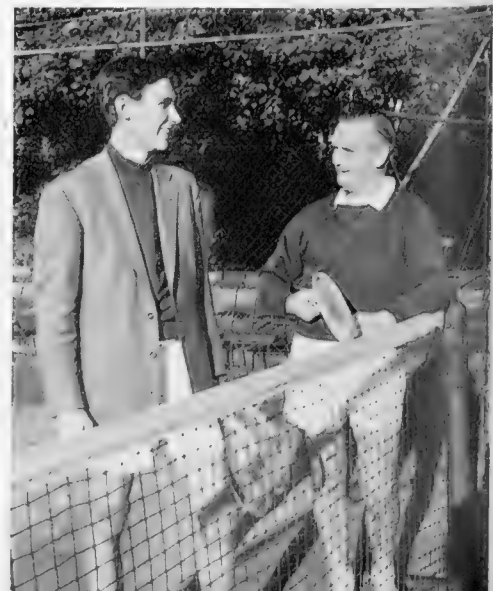
Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. F. E. Elliot



Watching play: Miss Isabel Stoute and Miss Dorothy Oldham



Mr. J. Waddell & Mr. J. Wilson for Hurlingham



LORD KILBRACKEN

Family consequences

IT OFTEN strikes me as strange how the centuries have conspired to make me the owner of Killegar today. It's like the game of consequences, played in a time-scale of history. It must be the same with many other old (or fairly old) family estates, but it's remarkable that I am only here this morning through a long, long series of accidents and indiscretions over the past 300 years.

My present holding formed about a sixth part of the ancient Manor of Craigstown, which was granted in 1640 by Charles I to Sir James Craige, a Scottish landlord who had in some way earned the royal favour. He was totally unconnected with my family. There was a good deal of chicanery in the Craige family over the next 90 years, and Killegar's owner, John Carmichael, a young man of 26, was forced to sell up in 1734. Its 2,784 acres were sold on 19 June of that year for £5 32s. 8d. to Richard Morgan, a prosperous Dublin merchant, probably of Welsh origin, who is, fortunately, my great-great-great-great-grandfather.

Richard had begotten two children, Mary and Richard junior; in 1730, for better or worse, Mary had married a landless clergyman, the Rev. Dr. William Godley, D.D., rector of Mullabrack, whose father, John, had been Sheriff of Dublin and died in 1710. After buying Craigstown, Richard Morgan senior owned 4,381 acres, which brought in an annual rent of £1,207 13s. 8½d.—a nice little income in those days. He had given Mary a handsome portion on her marriage to the reverend doctor, which enabled them to depart from the rectory at Mullabrack, but left everything else, including Killegar, to his son Richard.

There was, however, an important proviso: if Richard junior failed to produce an heir, the whole Morgan property was to pass on his death to his sister. He married twice, but as neither union was blessed with offspring, Mary scooped the lot on his death, and it descended, on her death, to her eldest son, John Godley (b. 1731), my great-great-great-grandfather. (In recog-

nition of her contribution to the family finances, a portrait of Mary hangs in the place of honour, above the fireplace in the saloon.)

At this point a memorable ancestor made his move in the game of family consequences. He was John's eldest son and rightful heir, William, a colonel in the 83rd. He fell simultaneously in love with the two beautiful daughters, Rose and Adeline, of the Rev. Francis Ricardo, a clergyman in Jersey; and, unable to decide between them, he cohabited with both, in a convenient *ménage à trois*, for the better part of a decade. Rose then died; and William, his conflict at last ended, promptly married Adeline.

But it was far too late. He had already been disinherited. A few years afterwards, in 1801, John's second son, Alexander, a major in the 28th who never married, was killed in the attack on Alexandria under Sir Ralph Abercromby. So, on John's death in 1806, all the family estates went to his third and youngest son, John junior, my great-great-grandfather.

He was then 31 and in love with Kate Daly, the niece of the Bishop of Dunsandle (whose sombre portrait, now hanging above the fireplace in the dining-room, came out in black spots on the day the Irish Church was disestablished). But he decided to build a country house before marrying her, and chose for this purpose the spot where I am now writing these words. He chose very well. And he was also very lucky in that architectural styles, like everything else, were 20 or 30 years behind the times in County Leitrim; the house, though started in 1807, is in the classical Georgian tradition all the same.

When it was completed, and the trees planted (which now, incidentally, form my principal capital asset, with a value in the neighbourhood of £25,000), John and Kate married, and then divided their time between Killegar and a town house in Sackville Street (as O'Connell Street was then called), till Killegar began to take hold of them, as it is inclined to take hold of people, and they sold their Dublin house and came to live here all the year round. By the

time John died, they'd been married just half a century, and his elder son, the Founder of Canterbury, had already been dead two years.

The property therefore passed direct to my grandfather. Eighteen years later, in 1881, Gladstone introduced the first Irish Land Bill, the initial step (and a halfway house to Home Rule) towards making it easier for tenants in Ireland to purchase the land they farmed. The Act was violently opposed by almost all "the Ascendancy," but my grandfather was an ardent Liberal, as well as being Gladstone's secretary, and was one of the very few Irish landlords, if not the only one, who made it even easier for his tenants, instead of much more difficult, than the law required.

The land I own today, less than one-tenth (alas!) of the original Morgan estate, comprised the home farm and woodlands, which consequently *had* no tenants when the Land Acts came along. So I have to thank John III for deciding to build a house here for himself and Kate. But for that there is no doubt that my 423 acres would have been sold.

My grandfather, who made his life in England, gave Killegar to my father as a 21st birthday present, and my father, like John III, became more and more emotionally attached to it as he grew older. But, unlike John III, he became less able to afford it. A few weeks before he died in 1950 he put it up for sale—and it would certainly have been sold, for a fraction of its true value, if he had lived another month. When I inherited it instead, it was the first time for exactly 300 years that Killegar had passed, in the normal way, from father to firstborn son.

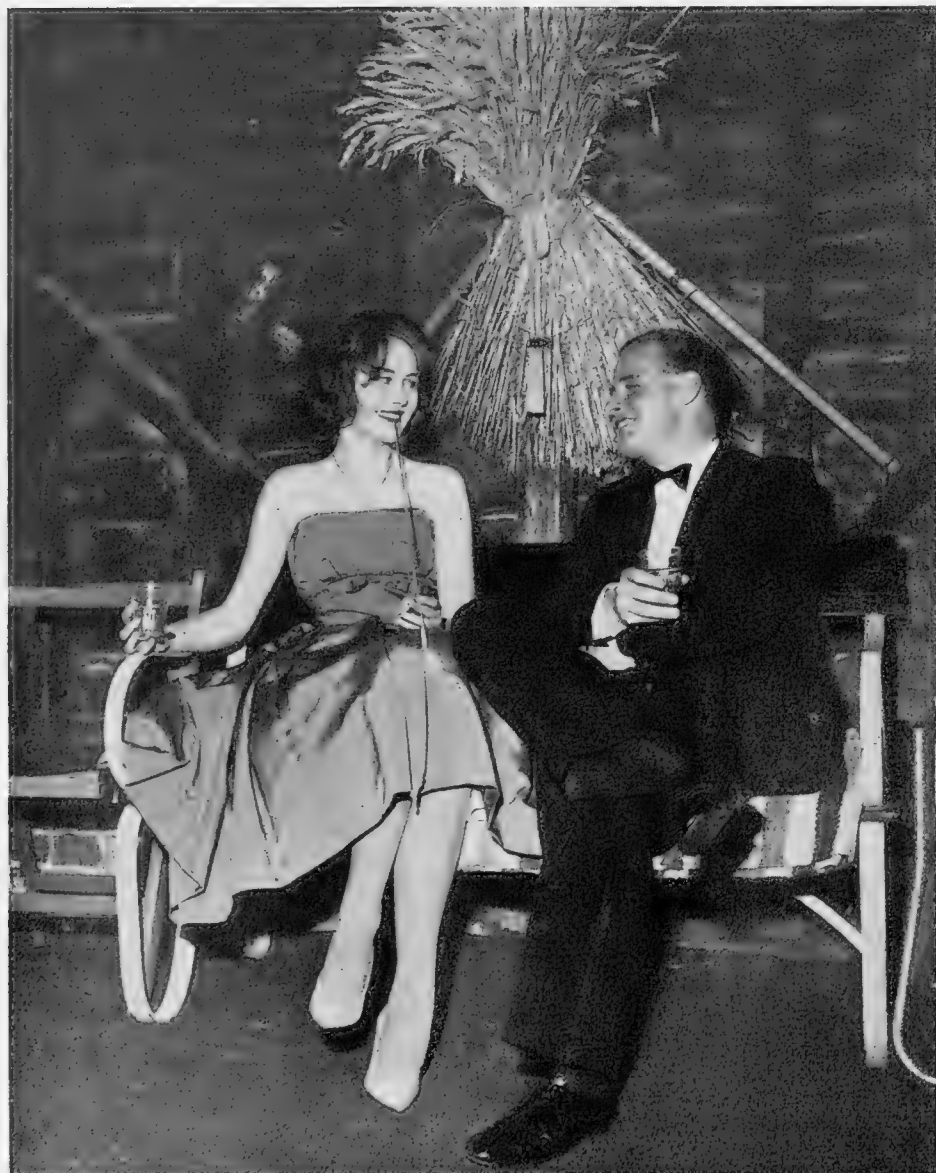
But *if* my father had lived a month longer, or *if* John III had been content with Sackville Street, or *if* William had chosen sooner between Rose and Adeline, or *if* young Richard Morgan had contrived to get an heir, or *if* the Craiges had been solvent in 1734—where, I sometimes ask myself, would *I* be today? Not, in any case, in the bogs of Leitrim, which is where, I tell myself, for better or worse, I am.

Perhaps because you need a lot of room for a
BARN party shared by seven girls,
Lady Sempill and Mrs.
Raymond Erith did up a barn for the dance they
DANCE *gave at the Sempills'*
Dedham (Essex) home.
It was for the three Forbes-Sempill sisters
Janet, Kirstie and Brigid and the four Erith
sisters Rebeckah, Lucy, Alice and Laura



*Miss Rebeckah Erith, the Hon. Kirstie Forbes-Sempill
 and Miss Laura Erith*

Miss Olivia Stephens and Mr. Alastair Maclean



*Lord Sempill, a representative Peer for
 Scotland, wore the kilt*

*Miss Elizabeth Hyde Parker and Mr. Robert
 Erith, Mrs. Erith's nephew*





Miss Helen Barnes, Mr. Martin Lee-Warner and Mr. Peter Griffiths



Miss Lucy Erith and Mrs. Raymond Erith, whose architect husband redesigned No. 10 Downing Street

The Sempills' barn was lit by Chinese lanterns and a stable was decorated for sitters-out



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PHILIP TOWNSEND



RUBY LIPS enclosing teeth of pearls set in gold, studied by Mlle Jaquine du Caillaudi and Mr. Timothy Miller. The lighted showcases provide the only illumination at the exhibition, which is open until October 8

In the darkened showroom at Sotheby's the ranks of the curious, the cynical, the amateur and the faithful were alike bemused by



LIVING FLOWER is of gold, diamonds and malachite from the Congo. The lower flower opens and closes every eight minutes. Right: GOLD CUBE cross in gold and diamonds is examined by Mr. & Mrs. Keith Shackleton

DALIS MAGIC

at the exhibition of jewels designed by the painter and lent by the Owen Cheatham Foundation (U.S.A.) to help the Gt. Ormond Street Medical School

PHOTOS: A. V. SWAEBE





Mary Duchess of Roxburghe with Mr. Peter Wilson, chairman of Sotheby's

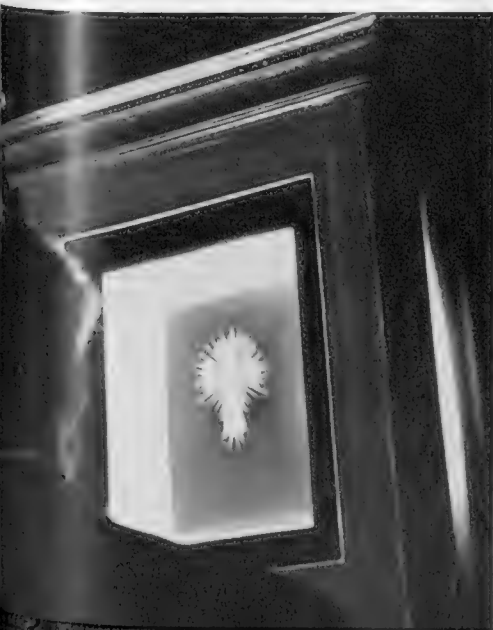


Viscountess Knollys and the Marqués de Santa Cruz, Spanish Ambassador



Mrs. de Salas, whose husband is the director of the Institute of Spain

ANGEL CROSS represents the gradual transformation from the mineral world to the angelic—according to Dali



Miss Chloe d'Avigdor-Goldsmid and Mr. Scott Griffin look at Angel Cross



Living with landlords

by *Diana Petry*

I am a grateful tenant, not unmindful of my luck; for halves of semi-basements, semi-furnished, are at a premium, and large-hearted landlords remarkably few. My five years' occupation, then, has been paved with tokens of tenantry esteem.

I began cautiously, for encroachment on rights was the last thing I intended. To ease the start of the day, I unbolted the basement door and took the front door off the latch. Then, wondering a little at my presumption, I brought in papers and post, setting them tidily on the hall table. I put the threepennies on the top and the twopennies underneath—for bills and circulars, too suddenly perceived, can turn a landlord's breakfast sour.

My advances were well received and I allowed time for the routine to settle before I brought in the milk. I lined it up in the frig, careful to bring yesterday's forward and push today's to the back; for stale milk, too, can sour a landlord's stomach.

We were now on speaking terms, and in return for my few services, I gratefully received at their hands the freedom of the semi-basement passage. With it went the right to hang pictures on its walls, and a fine outlet it was for my surplus daubs and snapshots of lesser relations. It was also as good a cover as any for peeling paint.

One does not hurry these things, and it was almost a year before I became gas-boiler-switcher-on for the house; an important function, this, which if performed at the proper hour, provided hot water for all before breakfast. To ensure a blessing so mutually beneficial, it seemed a small thing to rise at seven instead of seven-thirty. What is half an hour between friends? Give a little, take a little. That is what I say.

My machinations bore fruit—or rather, shall I say, they blossomed, for now I won the privilege of digging in the garden and planting whatever took my fancy. And who more entitled to pay for my pleasure than I, since mine were the windows which overlooked the riot of blooms, tossing their heads, all six of them, between the dustbins and the area railings?

It meant six-thirty instead of seven, of course, since gardens must be tended. But clean, cold morning air is good for sharpening the wits and opening the eyes; and when you think of it, few delights come painlessly.

We became chums, the landlords and I. And the sight of their early morning faces gladdened me as, clad in their elegant, drifting dressing gowns, they swayed sleepily down the basement stairs to the warm, cosy kitchen—papers, post and milk at the ready; bath water hissing hot in the taps.

They smiled at me with a what-would-we-do-

without-you air. So enslaved did I become, that I sought their further approbation by polishing the basement passage and sweeping out the area. And I rose at six in the morning all through the summer months to snip at the flowering shrubs which overhung from the next-door garden. They looked quite arty in a pot on our shared telephone table.

We became old buddies, the landlords and I; and buddy-like we celebrated the anniversaries of my coming with cups of black coffee taken at the double round the kitchen stove. By now they let me help them with the washing-up. And when they had said good night and drifted off to the upper regions, I smiled to myself as I put away the cups, turned off the boiler, locked the garden door, emptied the rubbish bins, put out the milk bottles, bolted the basement door and switched off the lights. For it seemed impossible that I had lived with them in such undiluted harmony for close on five years.

One day when they confided in me that we were to have the outside of the house painted I felt quite humble. It was a generous gesture, graciously conceived. I spent so much time in the basement area attending to flower beds, window boxes, dustbins and tradesmen, they must have guessed the outside was almost more important to me than the inside.

We took down the curtains and now I vowed to rise before six, because when you face on to a semi-main street and the windows are bare, it is best to perform private and personal functions before too many people are about. But even if I overslept a bit, it was a simple matter to slide out of bed and crawl about on all fours until decent.

I hardly dared to sleep the night before the operations commenced. I arose at sparrow's twitter, put on the kettle, turned on the boiler, unlocked the house, brought in the papers, wrote a note to the milkman (extra for workmen's tea), moved the dustbins and fetched the post (threepennies on top, twopennies underneath). I looked down the street, but there was not a builder in sight, so I washed in cold water, dressed in the passage, ate my breakfast on the floor and tuned in to the weather report.

They brought the scaffolding first and I left them at it, tossing iron poles about like matchwood. I left them at it because it was sad to see them trampling my struggling lavender underfoot, and stamping about like a herd of buffalo over my six-by-four fertility patch.

The painters showed more delicacy. They only trod in the scaffolding-erectors' footsteps. They were in and out of the job in a fortnight; and if the ivy was daubed royal blue and the sole surviving hydrangea striped black and white, who was I to complain? I had all time before me, and the summer right ahead. Mornings getting lighter; less rain, more sun; fewer chances of frostbite in the dawn hours, when already I planned to dig over the garden, plant more plants, refurbish the window boxes, move back the dustbins, clean up the area, put back the curtains. . . .

Well, you know. Take a little, give a little—that's what I say. After all, we are really very close, the landlords and I.



Metal makes meals easy when it comes to using casseroles. It retains heat better (especially copper) and there is the advantage that it can be used over an open flame. From hotplate or oven to table, the food can stay in one dish—and will look just as attractive as in the oven-proofed variety. *Top row, from left:* The oval casserole, large and deep enough to hold a whole chicken, won a Design Centre award this year. It is of cast-iron with pale

COUNTER SPY

puts on the pot

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD

MICROFILM BY DON JARVIS

blue enamel finish. By Isons, it comes in three sizes, from £2 5s. 6d. to £3 13s., also available in pale green, yellow and charcoal (with matching or contrasting lids). Similar round ones cost from 34s. to £2 13s. 6d. The Swiss-made copper pot-like casserole is lined with silver, has brass knob and handles, price: £8 10s. All from Robert Jackson, Piccadilly. The larger copper casserole is lined with nickel. Price £5 10s. from Fortnum & Mason. *Middle row, from left:* Deep stainless steel oval casserole from Italy has a copper base and flush lid. Price 8 gns. from Woodlands. Cooking knives from Heal's have wooden handles, stainless steel blades. Cook's knife with long curved handle, 12s. 9d.; paring knife, 8s. 3d.; utility knife, 10s. 9d.; butcher's knife, 11s. 9d.; long bladed slicing or chopping knife, 9s. 3d. Stainless steel fish kettle has a detachable drainer with handles. In four sizes, prices: 11 gns. to 17 gns., from Fortnum & Mason. *Bottom row, from left:* Traditional French-style casserole of cast-iron with a rough black finish. Prices: round, £2 to £3 10s.; oval, £2 11s. to £6 5s., from L. Cadec, 27 Greek Street. Satin-finished stainless steel casserole is round and shallow with a wooden knob. Price £2 16s. 3d., from Heal's. (Similar deep oval casserole costs £4 10s. 3d.) The other shallow casserole, also in satin-finished stainless steel, is Swedish and comes from Finnmar. In three sizes, price from £2 14s. 6d., available from Heal's, John Blackmore, Harrogate, and Elliston & Cavell, Oxford.

How to make

SUMMER

BY ILSE GRAY & MINETTE SHEPARD



Floor heat for the chilly-footed—and the whole room gets an even warmth as well with the Thermalay electrically heated carpet underlay. Advantages: invisible in use (it works like an electric blanket) can be switched on or off as required. Price: from £11 12s. for a 3 by 1 yd. strip. Squares are also available

As nobody in England ever seems to think about how to keep the place warm until after the house is built, the first problem of central heating is stopping it from cluttering the rooms. Sitting as I do at a desk that is kept nine inches away from the wall by a monstrous afterthought installation of surface pipes, I can easily understand those who shrug off the whole thing and stick by the sitting-room fire. But you can't keep a summer glow throughout the house with the odd coal fire—and central heating doesn't have to be obtrusive any more. It doesn't even have to consist of pipes and radiators, though there are in fact quite neat systems that do. They use slimmer pipes (usually copper), which bend snugly round corners, and the radiators can be flat panels. Apart from taking up less room these come in attractive colours, and the whole system (known as small-bore) is easier to install than the old cumbersome business. It's more efficient, too, as the hot water is pumped round from the boiler instead of being left to its own devices.

A refinement is a radiator disguised as a

Plug in (and top up) . . .

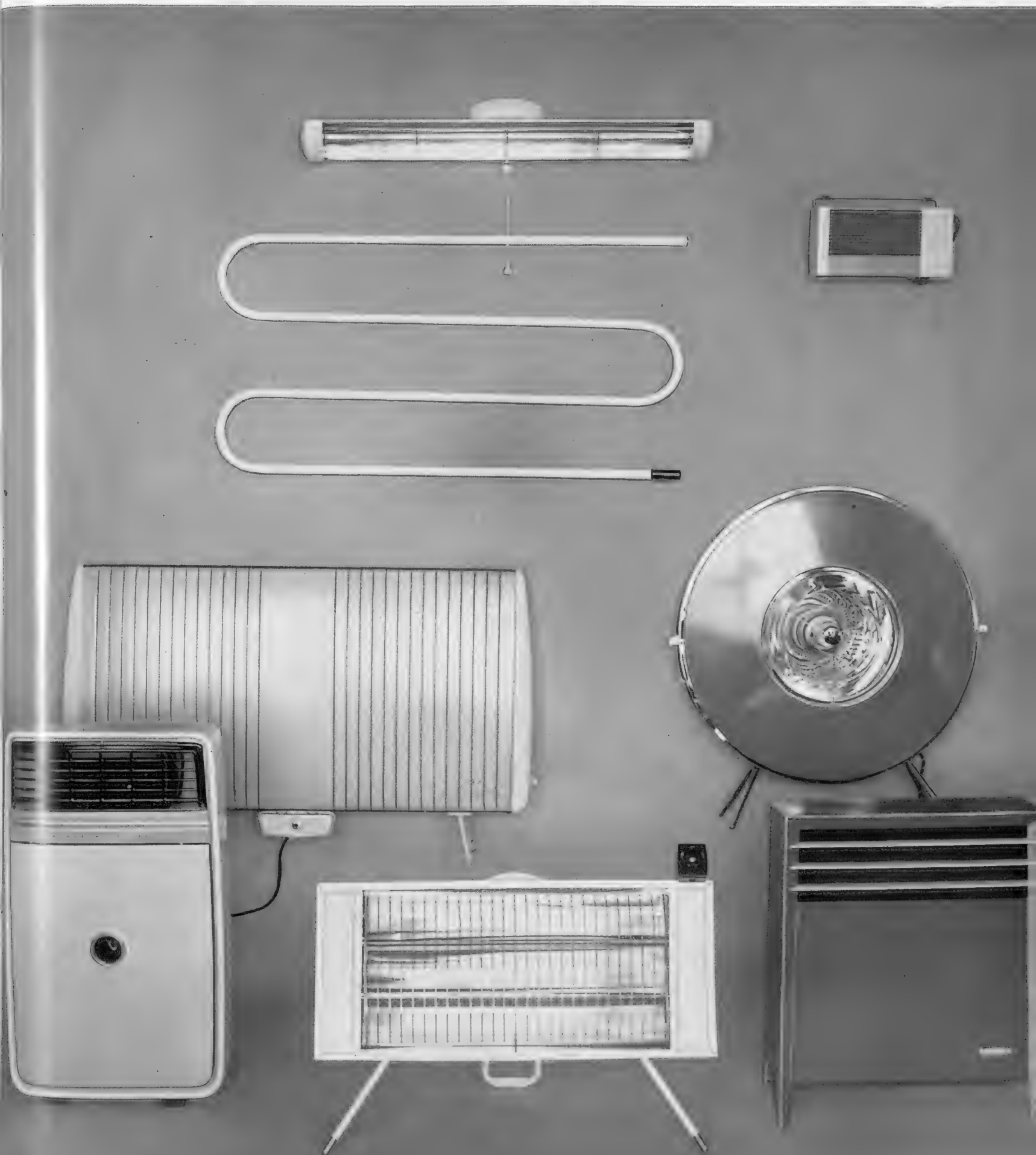
If yours was one of the houses where the builder forgot to put in central heating, there are plenty of instant aids to a rise in temperature obtainable in the shops. Wall heaters are in special demand for bathrooms, nurseries and kitchens where portable heaters could be dangerous. See alongside for a rapid review of some of the types of heating appliances now on sale and start (top) with the TACK infra-red heater which has a chrome reflector and is finished in white stoved enamel. It can be turned through a 60-degree angle by an insulated knob (without switching off) to concentrate heat where required. There is a pull-cord switch. Price: £5 10s. at Fortnum & Mason, W.1; and leading electrical retailers. HURSEAL make the Universal U space-saving towel rail for fitting to bathroom walls. It heats to a certain temperature then remains constant, giving an all-over surface warmth. Suitable also for potting shed or garage its running cost is about one tenth of a penny an hour. Price: £5 19s. 6d. (in white only). Like a tiny radio set (top right) is the new light grey BRAUN turbo-fan heater with its hinge that raises it at an angle or allows it to be hung on a wall. The concealed turbo-fan jets out air, warm, hot and very hot (the last two are thermostatically controlled temperatures). It also fans cold air at two temperatures. Price: 12 gns. Dual-function SIMPLEX radiator (on the left) both convects and radiates heat but remains essentially an inexpensive heater and is slim enough to fit unobtrusively into a décor. Thermostats control output to 1 or ½ kilowatt and a pilot light shows when the radiator is on. Spreading feet are standard fitting, there is a small extra charge for wall fitting brackets. Price: £9 19s. (in bronze and cream or pink and grey). SORONO heater (middle right) is a convector and reflector—the convector grid occupying the depth of the circumference of the heater. Colours are coffee, flame and gunmetal grey with the reverse panel in pale grey. The heater comes in 1 kW. and 2 kW. models. The 1 kW. version with a switch for the reflector only, the convector being controlled from the plug socket, costs £8 18s. 7d.; with switches for both: £9 3s. 6d. The 2 kW. model, with independent switches for reflector and convector, costs £10 14s. 1d. Popular and safe, the modernized ALADDIN convector heater (bottom left) holds a gallon of paraffin with a 24-hour endurance on a high flame and 48 on a low one. The bronze front panel lifts away when filling and there is a handle at the back for carrying which telescopes into the heater frame when not in use. Rubber feet prevent damage to floors. Price: £11 16s. from Harrods. From FALKS an infra-red fire with 750 watt elements in individual reflectors to give maximum heat over a wide range. Two of the reflectors can be switched off independently. Total loading is 2½ kW. Seen here as a portable, the fire can also be mounted on a wall. Colours are red and gold, black and gold or white and gold. Price: £13 19s. 11d. MORPHY RICHARDS make the 2 kW. convector heater with a tapered all-in-one body that gives a neat and elegant appearance. It is thermostatically controlled and comes in bronze with front panels of red, charcoal and blue. Price: £7 17s. 7d. All the electric heaters shown come from leading electrical shops and departments throughout the country. Finally, a useful and unobtrusive device to control heat. This is the REGUPLUG (shown on the Falks reflector fire) which consists of a three-pin plug (15 amp. or 13 amp.) that maintains heat at any desired level. It is particularly effective in regulating convectors, drying cabinets, electrical under-floor heating etc., where there is no built-in thermostat on the appliance. Prices: 35s. for 15 amp. type, 37s. 6d. for 13 amp. type (for 220/240 A.C. circuits) from all electrical dealers, stores and departments.

CONTINUED
ON PAGE 636

last longer

Short of packing up and flying south, the great thing is to keep the temperature up. Some appliances that will help without spoiling a well-designed home are described here

DON JARVIS





1

skirting board, which gives a bonus of hot-air circulation from floor level up. The same thing in an electric version just plugs in and dispenses with water and plumbing.

One of the neatest ways to preserve a summer temperature and floor space too is to have the heating in the ceiling. Sounds difficult but it's easy. Electric ceiling panels simply piece together to form a false ceiling, concealing all wiring and, if you've got an old house, probably blotting out some hideous stucco patterns as well. Noisy children upstairs will also be soundproofed.

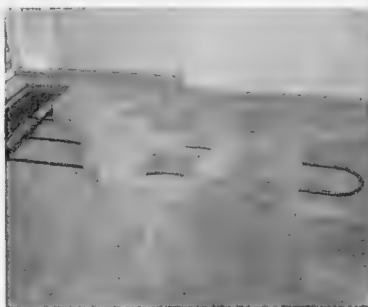
But for people with cold feet there's nothing like underfloor heating. In an existing house the installation (either electric coils or water pipes) is likely to be a bit of a business, but much the same effect can be obtained with under-carpet heating, which works like an electric blanket.

As a general guide, electricity is easiest to install but most expensive to run.

Of the boiler systems (advantage: hot water as well as heat), solid fuel is the cheapest to run, but involves more work than oil-fired boilers. Oil boilers are also cheap to run but much more expensive to install. Gas-fired boilers are the easiest and cleanest—but the most expensive of all to run. All the boilers are available in sightly designs.

Finally, don't waste your heat for lack of insulation. Line the roof, and check windows.

HOW TO MAKE
SUMMER LAST LONGER
concluded



4



5



2

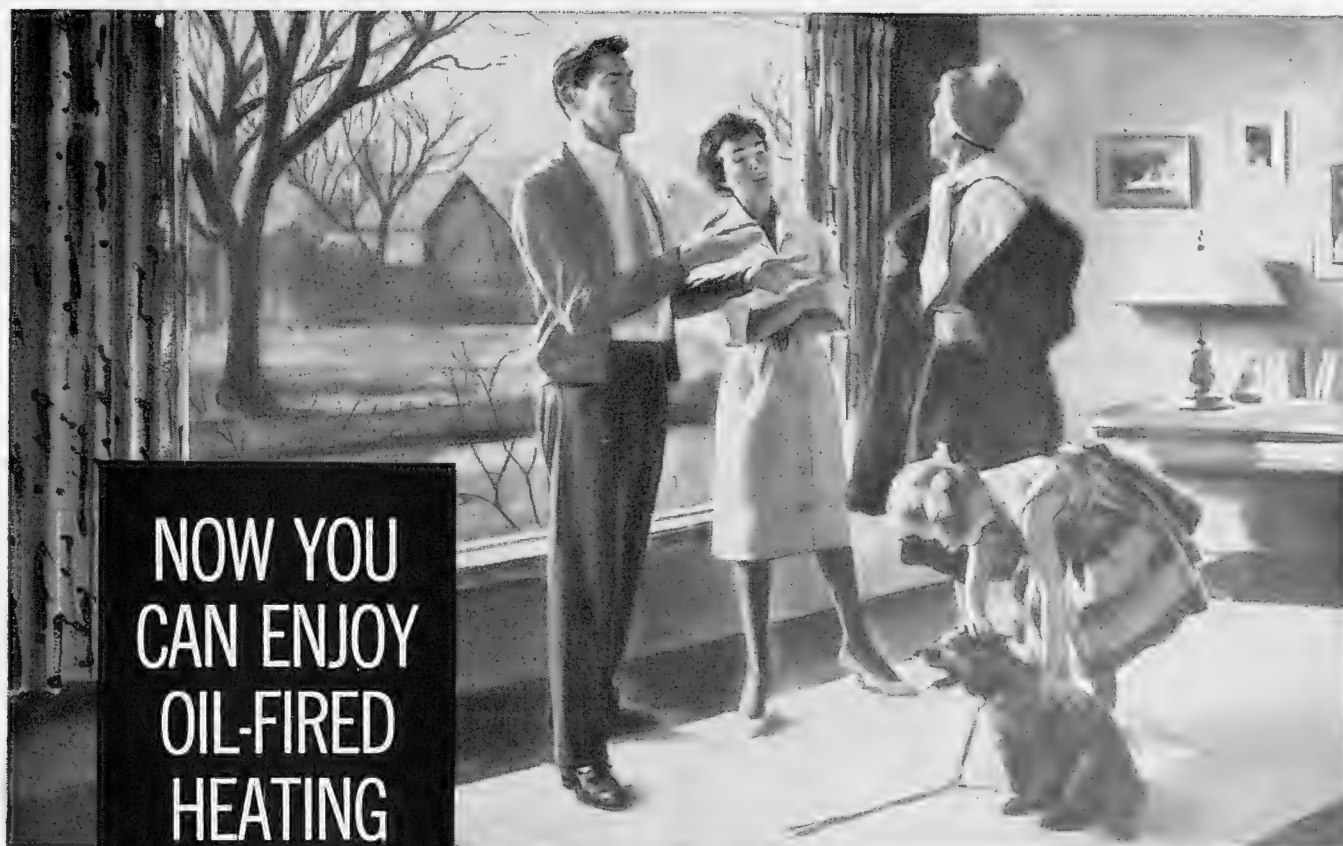


3

1. CEILING PANELS give radiant, thermostatically-controlled heat and are also soundproof. By Burgess Products Co., Hinckley, Leics, in 11 panel sizes, various colours. Cost and installation approximately 9s. 3d. per square foot. 2. FLAT PANEL RADIATOR curved to fit window bay (for oil-filled electric or small-bore hot water systems) by Hursel, 229 Regent Street, W.1, in four heights. The electric ones cost between £12 and £30, according to size. The hot water radiators are made to order from 6s. 8d. to 7s. 8d. per square foot (angles and curves extra). 3. SKIRTING-BOARD HEATING by electricity combines convected and radiated heat, can be controlled by thermostat and time switch. By Inference, 12-13 Copthall Court, E.C.2, it comes in 2 ft. and 3 ft. lengths at 24s. 11d. a foot and costs little to install. Non-conducted wooden sections are also obtainable to match in with the heat skirting. 4. UNDERFLOOR HEATING by electric cables embedded in concrete is best installed in new houses. Costs vary from about 3s. 6d. per square foot. Information from Electricity Board Showrooms. 5. WARM AIR is regulated by grilles and a room thermostat with RADIATION DUCTAIR, from Bratt Colbran Ltd., 10 Mortimer Street, W.1. Similar warm air unit is made by THOMAS POTTERTON LTD., 20/30 Buckhold Road, S.W.18. Installation is expensive but varies; best when building a new house. 6. OIL-FIRED BOILER, the REDFYRE CENTRAMATIC 50, fully automatic, is the first to be made to the same standard size as sink units and cupboards. Price £128 (with installation, including oil tank, flue, &c., approximately £200)



6



**NOW YOU
CAN ENJOY
OIL-FIRED
HEATING**

THE ESSO HOME HEAT WAY!

Wherever you live—you can enjoy the luxury of oil-fired heating . . . for hot water only . . . for hot water and part central heating . . . for whole-house heating . . . and you can enjoy it now without touching a penny of capital!

Wouldn't you like the ease and cleanliness of oil-fired heating . . . a new streamlined oil-fired boiler . . . in *your* home? With the Esso Home Heat Plan you can have both *now*!

You can, if you wish, have a personal loan by arrangement with Lombard Banking Limited, to cover *all* equipment costs—smart new boiler, elegant radiators, everything—and *all* installation costs. You pay no deposit, repayment periods are varied to suit your needs, and interest rates (with income tax allowance) are the lowest possible. Free insurance covers the loan, and, since this is not hire purchase, the whole system is yours from the moment it is installed! For full details of the Esso Home Heat Plan, together with brochures on the latest equipment available, post the coupon below.

SOME SPECIMEN COSTS

1 Valor Oil Conversion Unit fitted in existing solid fuel boiler to operate existing heating system. From £35.

2 Oil-fired system, with new oil-fired boiler for domestic hot water only. Approximately £70.

1 Oil-fired system for hot water and downstairs heating only: 4 radiators and towel rail. Approximately £260.

2 Whole-house heating (including hot water): 7 radiators and towel rail. Approximately £440.



Semi-detached
3-bedroom house



Detached
3-bedroom house

All prices quoted are fully inclusive of all charges for equipment and installation. These costs vary with the type and size of house and the degree of heat required.

If you have a solid fuel boiler—

**You can convert it to Oil Firing
for as little as £35**

Yes, a VALOR CONVERSION UNIT can be fitted inside your present boiler—there's a model to suit most types of boilers now in use.

Your local Esso installer can fit the Valor Unit in next to no time. And it can cost you as little as £35, which covers *everything*. Valor Unit, storage tank, draught diverter and installation costs. Through the Esso Home Heat Plan the complete cost can be paid over a period of up to two years, to suit your particular needs. For full details post the coupon today.

ESSO HOME HEAT FOR YOU

POST THIS COUPON TODAY

To: The Esso Home Heat Plan, Advance House, Boot Street, London N1. Please send me brochures on Valor Oil Conversion Units, modern equipment for oil-fired heating, and the Esso Home Heat Plan.

NAME (MR, MRS/MISS) _____ Block capitals, please

ROAD STREET _____

TOWN CITY _____

COUNTY _____

TELEPHONE _____

NO. OF BEDROOMS _____

TR/28/9



Esso Home Heat Plan no-deposit personal loans are available for every type of oil-fired installation



MAD HATTERS



Dunce's cap of leopard skin (above, left) is by Svend who designs hats for Jacques Heim's Collection and has his own salon at the couture house. Jenny Fischer of 16 Motcomb Street, S.W.1, is making it. Above: Also by Svend, a hunter's cap style of black mink with a half turn-up brim of white kid. Madame Vernier makes it over here



Czarist splendour of the Nina Ricci collection is represented (left) by Jean Crahay's Boyar hat with its high crown of purple velvet and a huge sable brim highlighted by a jewel. Obtainable at Liberty's, Regent Street, W.1

Fur-covered pom-pom tops the collection of fox skins (above) with which Svend follows through his high dunce's cap line this season. Madame Vernier of 82 George Street, W.1, is making the hat in London



Pony skin in black and white for another hat by Bernard Devaux at Lanvin-Castillo, a young man whose originality has made him one of the most talked-about Parisian milliners. The hat is being made here by Simone Mirman at 9 Chesham Place, S.W.1

Opposite: Shaggy dog look for a hat by Bernard Devaux made of Mongolian lamb, a fur that for years was almost unsaleable but which is now rocketing in price following its lavish use in the Paris collections. Simone Mirman makes the hat over here

... and mad hats! But there's method in both because these are the styles that sell. And to prove it, most of the models shown are being copied by London's top milliners. So there's no escaping the Paris line this autumn, whether its high, wide and schizoid or just plain crazy like a fox

MAD HATTERS

continued

Tousled array of brown and orange feathers (right) was mounted by Bernard Devaux on a square-crowned hat of black velvet with ends of velvet hanging low over the forehead. Simone Mirman is making this hat as well as the one (below) in which Devaux used white "hide-and-seek" ostrich fronds as a brim to a hat with a flat crown covered in fronds and circled with a band of snuff-brown velvet ribbon



*Fantastic
feathers . . .*





Layer on layer of tobacco-coloured tulle forms the Devaux hat above) which Simone Mirman is making. Below: Flowers return in this sensational hat from the Cardin collection of Nattier blue tulle. Madame Vernier makes it



Brimless cloche of black chenille dotted net mounted on a stiffened foundation and fitting low on the nape of the neck, is from the Dior collection by Christian Dior Chapeaux and obtainable here from Harrods, Knightsbridge



Close-fitting visor-like cap of coarse mesh black net topped by a crimson silk rose and a wide fan of net is designed by Jean Barthet for the woman who wants to look mysterious by candlelight

Tantalizing tulle . . .

Back to the '20s . . .



Pull-on cloche of the '20s is on the way back. Jean Crahay showed at Nina Ricci this white felt faced with black velvet. From Liberty's.

Below: The flapper's sponge-bag hat in a Jean Barthelet version of black felt, with white felt rose, and net visor



Helmet-style from Cardin is a deep-fitting cloche of taupe melusine, brimless and trimmed with a bunch of toning roses.

Madame Fernier is making the Cardin hat in London

MAD HATTERS

concluded



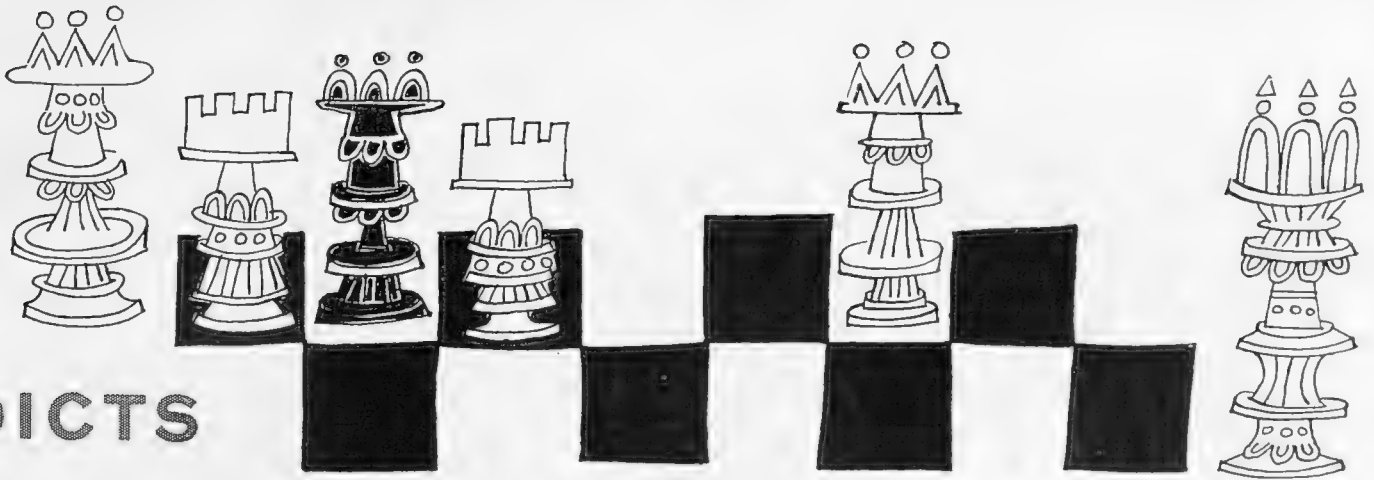
Trilby crown (above) for a high hat by Svend of stiffened black coarse net sweeping into a wide downturned brim. Bands of furry black melusine alternate with the net which is scattered with brilliants.

Right: Bernard Devaux swathes a high cone with icing sugar pink accordion-pleated pure silk satin. This somewhat severe style demands good features and a long neckline to wear it successfully.

Simone Mirman makes it. Top: Another Svend model inspired this time by the sportsman's country hat. It is made of black and white tartan tweed stitched all over with black thread and trimmed with a band and original bow of black ciré calf



The high hats



VERDICTS

The play **Billy Liar.** Cambridge Theatre. (Albert Finney, George A. Cooper, Jennifer Jayne, Ann Beach.)

The films **Jazz On A Summer's Day.** Director Bert Stern. (Anita O'Day, Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, Chico Hamilton.) **It Started In Naples.** Director Melville Shavelson. (Sophia Loren, Clark Gable, Vittorio De Sica, Mariëtto.) **Strangers When We Meet.** Director Richard Quine. (Kirk Douglas, Barbara Rush, Kim Novak, Ernie Kovacs.)

The records **Folk Festival At Newport, Vols. 1-3.** **Blues In My Companion,** by Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee. **The Male Blues, Vols. 1-5.**

The books **Imperial Caesar,** by Rex Warner. (Collins, 18s.)

Sowing, by Leonard Woolf (Hogarth, 21s.)

Walk To The Paradise Gardens, by Charmian Clift (Hutchinson, 16s.)

A Number Of Things, by Honor Tracy (Methuen, 15s.)

Microbes, Men & Monarchs, by Aldo Castellani (Gollancz, 25s.)

The galleries **Alan Reynolds.** Redfern Gallery. **Avinash Chandra,** Molton Gallery.



Portrait of a daydreamer

ONE CAN FAIRLY CALL A PLAYWRIGHT'S attention to the established rules of playwriting only when his play is signally less entertaining than it would be if he had observed them. For there are times (theatrical history is full of them) when a single distinguished study of character falling luckily into the hands of the right actor can carry a play which in itself is quite undistinguished.

Take, for instance, **Billy Liar** at the Cambridge. The part played by Mr. Albert Finney is made to seem by the actor so much greater than the whole that for its sake we readily accept a thundering grannie, a bad-tempered bullying dad, a tearful, injured mum, and other of the usual characters who have kept North Country front parlour drama going for at least five decades.

I am told by those who have read Mr. Keith Waterhouse's novel that the adaptation that he and Mr. Willis Hall have made is the travesty of a cruelly accurate

picture of contemporary provincial life. I have nothing to say to that. All I know is that the play as we have it at the Cambridge contains, for all its shortcomings, the most complete study of a daydreamer that the stage has ever given us, and also that Mr. Finney keeps us continuously interested in both the outer and inner workings of the poor feckless lad's mind.

There may be touches of over-acting or of the wrong kind of acting in the early scenes, but he rises splendidly at the end when the part takes wings and soars.

Billy Fisher has little in common with the angrily frustrated teddy boys who want love and gaiety and seek it with the edge of a flick knife. He is unconsciously trying to brighten a suburban existence conditioned for him by a hard-working, bullying father, an all-too-yielding mother, an intolerably sententious grandmother and a few local girls who, whatever their manners and morals, blatantly care more for an

engagement ring than for what he thinks of as love.

From the aching boredom of this existence and his own aimlessness and incompetence he takes refuge in day-dreams. He discovers that any chance remark will put him in mind of something he would like to be. To imagine himself being it is to be happy and free. Dream merges into dream, one splendid vista of strenuous and effective life into other vistas still more splendid, and he has reached a stage at which his inner and outer lives are barely distinguishable.

That is why he has become notorious in his family as a congenital liar, though, as his mother remarks wonderingly, the lies he tells rarely serve any purpose. There is often no point in them. Apparently he lies simply for the pleasure of lying. When he says he is tired of being an undertaker's clerk his father asks him what else is there for him to be. "As a matter of fact," he replies on the spur of the moment, "I am going to London. I am going to be a scriptwriter. I have been offered the job. I have the letter in my pocket."

Nobody believes him; he does not believe himself; but from that time on he is a man who has a job as a scriptwriter, he may at any moment leave for London to take it up, and whenever he feels depressed he can cheer himself up with an entrancing vision of himself as the greatest scriptwriter that ever lived.

He is warned that the undertaker has got on to his petty pilferings in the office and against the threat of imminent prosecution he remains

quite happy behind a shield of transparent lies. He gets engaged to two girls and spends a great part of the play trying to get the engagement ring he has given to the genteel passionless Barbara back on to the finger of the passionate loud-mouthed Rita who regards it as her property. His ineffectual efforts make good homespun comedy. He escapes from the terrific row between the girls into the arms of Liz, who has fantasies of her own and is willing to merge them with his. She catches him in

LEWIS MORLEY



THE TERROR OF REALITY grips **Billy Fisher** (Albert Finney), as **Liz** (Jennifer Jayne) urges him to catch the London train with her and start a new life. From **Billy Liar**

the midst of an orgy of day-dreams.

Mr. Finney here reaches the height of his performance as a soldier at a military funeral, standing with bowed head and rifle reversed, while he imitates the sound of bugles playing "The Last Post." The sincerity of the day-dream is made movingly manifest. His imagination on fire, he agrees to go with Liz on the midnight train to London. After a bitter row with his parents he packs and leaves

for the station; but reality proves once again intolerable to his fantasy-ridden mind. He creeps back home ignominiously. What are failure and humiliation to a man who can quickly smother them with self-satisfying dreams?

The play against which the dreamer's history is set may not be a good play, but it is extremely well acted—particularly by Miss Mona Washbourne, Miss Ann Beach and Mr. George Cooper.

wicked burlesque of the great Signorina Anna Magnani in a rage, with typical scowls, extravagantly impassioned gestures and all.

In Mr. Clark Gable, who plays a somewhat stolid and cagey bachelor lawyer from Philadelphia, the new, sparkling Loren has the perfect foil—while to match her in Italianate bravura there is Signor Vittorio De Sica in spanking form as a flamboyant Neapolitan law-and-ladies-man.

Mr. Gable comes to Naples to reclaim for America his late brother's small son—played by a minute charmer called simply Marietto. He finds this engaging, cigarette-smoking, wine-swiggling, tourist-rooking bandit of eight years living happily in a decrepit villa on Capri with his aunt, Signorina Loren. Mr. Gable is appalled that the child never goes to school, as he can't get up in time after hanging about all night around the night-clubs where his aunt performs.

Signorina Loren does not wish to part with the boy, and Marietto has no desire for an American education: Mr. Gable is determined to give him one, willy-nilly. He puts up quite a gallant fight, the good Mr. Gable—but against the combined beauties of Capri and Signorina Loren, he doesn't stand a chance.

The scenery, at least, seems to have bewitched the director, too—for he spends far too long on shots which, though admittedly beautiful, rightly belong in a travelogue. This tends to make the film seem a little

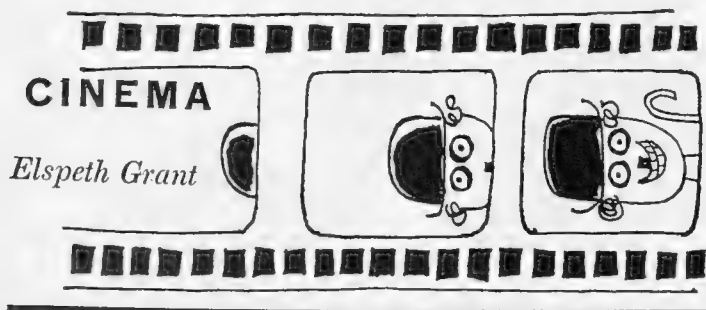


MARIETTO, the appealing waif and scene-stealer of *It Happened In Naples*

slow. Otherwise, there's not a thing wrong with it: the story will do, the dialogue is bright—and Signorina Loren is wholly irresistible.

The setting of *Strangers When We Meet* is described as an American "suburban development" and most of the people in it suffer from what I can only assess as suburban retarded development. Wives keep imploring their husbands to "love" them, and are so demanding they would surely drive the average man up the wall—or, anyway, into the arms of somebody else.

Miss Kim Novak feels so neglected by her husband, she readily drifts into an affair with Mr. Kirk Douglas, a promising architect, allegedly happily married to Miss Barbara Rush. There is, of course, endless moaning and groaning and recrimination, on pulp-fiction level, when Miss Rush finds out. In the course of the film, Mr. Douglas builds a house: I was glad to see *something* useful being accomplished.



The audience looks so rum

IT WOULD BE ABSURD OF ME TO discuss the musical values of *Jazz On A Summer's Day*—because jazz, winter or summer, is a closed book to me and its styles and refinements a complete mystery—but I do not hesitate to recommend this dazzling documentary film to you: I am convinced that, even if you know as little about the subject as I do, you will find it an extraordinarily fascinating piece of work.

Mr. Bert Stern, a young New Yorker specializing in "still" advertising photography, had the bright idea of filming the Newport Jazz Festival, in which 50 top-flight American jazz musicians and vocalists took part and to which addicts in their legions flocked from all over. Clearly a great do-it-yourself boy, Mr. Stern was his own producer, director and chief cinematographer—and the success of his first movie experiment proves him a shrewd and witty observer, an artist with a fine sense of colour and, I would say, a gift to the cinema.

His camera roves freely down a sunlit road leading to the Festival, surveys the city of Newport and pauses by the harbour to watch racing yachts skimming gracefully as seagulls over the sparkling water. Once arrived, in intervals between concentrating on the bandstand and the artists there "giving out," it sneaks slyly off to explore the unwitting audience—revealing, not quite as heartlessly as *The Savage Eye*, how disturbingly rum humanity in the pursuit of happiness can look.

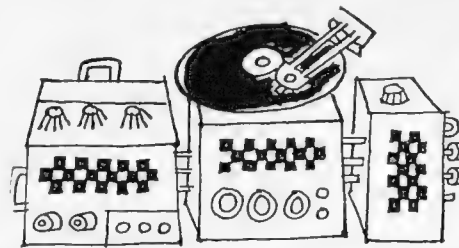
Who on earth are these worshippers at the shrine of jazz and why do they "take on" so? Young girls jiggle and grin and snap their fingers dementedly—coloured men follow the music intently, with

dedicated faces glistening under comic hats. Young boys rock bouncily on the hard chairs—middle-aged women loll, nodding rhythmically like mandarin dolls. A girl in transports of pleasure throws her hair over her face and buries her head in her hands. Swaying couples embrace lingeringly, an old boy performs a few elephantine gyrations on his own—and all the eyes focused on the bandstand are glazed: some with rapture, some (one would bet) with drugs or alcohol.

The atmosphere of mass near-hysteria made me uneasy—and I had to calm myself by reflecting that these characters were at least having a wonderful time escaping, in momentary abandon to the surge and sting of jazz, from an over-standardized, over-mechanized world stuffed with such insipidities as packaged sliced bread and refrigerated fruit.

As to the artists, I will only say that I adored elegant Miss Anita O'Day's dotty rendering of *Tea For Two*, goggled at a trio of outsize, cottage-loaf-shaped Negresses—and preferred the subtleties of the Chico Hamilton Quintet to the gravel and brass of Mr. Louis Armstrong. You will find your own favourites in the film—which is certainly one you must on no account miss.

Somebody (and praised be his name, whatever it is) has at last realized that the ravishing Signorina Sophia Loren is a comedienne at heart. As an impoverished cabaret entertainer on the isle of Capri, in *It Started In Naples*, the Signorina's essential gaiety is at last liberated: she laughs at herself, at sex, at the "naughty" numbers she blithely puts over for the American visitors—and (or so it seemed to me), in a scene in which she defends her abilities as a cook, she gives a



RECORDS

Gerald
Lascelles

Jazz just isn't folksy

THE VISITS OF AUTHENTIC BLUES singers such as Little Brother Montgomery, Speckled Red, and Champion Jack Dupree to this country prompt me to digress this week into the realms of folk music and its relationship to jazz. I have been playing the three LP volumes of a Folk Festival (35-070/1/2)—recorded at Newport last year—which provide some food for thought. Take, for instance, Pete Seeger, that master of the banjo and 12-string guitar. His performance of *Careless love*, which I associate with the immortal Bessie Smith, is completely removed from its jazz context, and presumably restored to the form in which it was first played and sung.

Then listen to the genuine barn-

yard sound produced by the New Lost City Ramblers. Nothing could be further from jazz, though the "rhythm section" of banjo and guitar is a most acceptable one. Barbara Dane's blues track comes fairly close to jazz, but so do Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee (33SX1223), whom I have always regarded as blues singers. The jazz and folk factions are not at war with one another. The question is simply one of definition, and the interpretation of some more than loose categories.

I often hear people say that jazz is folk music. If it helps them to understand it better, by all means let them think so, though to a great extent it has ceased to be such. Some confusion arises through the

use of much material common to the two mediums, which is inevitable. The North American continent has been a meeting point for so many European nationalities that it was a natural breeding ground for folk music, and early jazz was partly shaped by a purely fortuitous link between a minority race starved of music and a land brimming with people whose indigenous folk songs were there for the asking.

Much research could be done into the absorption of American folk songs by jazz, their conversions to blues and work songs, and even into the implied influence of street songs and calls on the early vocal jazz. Topic label has recently issued records of this material, largely based on Liverpool, which have no bearing on jazz, but illustrate exactly the type of *alfresco*

music which I have in mind.

A small label, Jazz Selector, has issued a much more interesting series of EPs devoted to the works of rare blues singers. In five volumes of *The Male Blues* (JELI-5) they feature Blind Lemon Jefferson, Buddy Boy Hawkins, James Platt, Josh White, Blind Blake, Georgia Slim, and others of almost mythical reputation. In their work seems to lie the closest link with genuine folk music; the jazzman's more sensitive use of rhythm patterns seems to be one of the most distinguishing factors in clarifying these basic differences. The contemporary blues singer, no matter where he has grown up, must have absorbed some preconception of jazz into his music, and therefore can no longer be counted as a true folk artist.



As I was saying to Pompey . . .

AS A LIFELONG FAN OF JULIUS CAESAR I would like to raise a resounding cheer for a brilliant, persuasive, highly intelligent and wholly seductive book called *Imperial Caesar*, by Rex Warner, a sequel to his earlier novel *The Young Caesar*.

It is written, in the current fashion, in the first person singular, and opens with a lovely and deeply isolated meditation in the cold hours before dawn on the Ides of March. Nothing pleases me more than first-person memoirs, when pastiched by such extraordinary magicians as Mr. Warner (Mary Renault and Marguerite Yourcenar

are as good, but entirely different), and when such a master will write fictitious memoirs for Napoleon and Sir Thomas More, I shall have little more to ask of life. Byron would be nice too, except that he did the job so thoroughly on his own account.

In *Imperial Caesar* you are offered a long, cool examination of the mind and point of view of one of the most balanced, witty, complex, contradictory, humane and lively men who ever lived. It is written in a style that is unmistakably Caesar's (this sort of historical novel always sends me off into a state of hallucination, which is how I always suppose

it was originally written). Though nothing is ever going to persuade me utterly from my old allegiance to the beguiling Caesar of Thornton Wilder's *The Ides Of March*, Mr. Warner's book is a total triumph. Besides being so thunderingly clever—as a piece of bravura writing it is breathtaking—it should also be mentioned that it affords unlimited pleasure as well as mental exercise.

This is the Caesar with whom I fell hopelessly in love (and that goes for most women for quite a few centuries) many years back. It was most moving to meet him again in such tremendous form.

The first volume of Leonard Woolf's three-volume autobiography is called *Sowing*, and a very bright, brisk, sparkish young book it is too, full of rebellion and energy. It takes the reader as far as 1904, if you please, which is now a matter of history, but reads as freshly and fiercely as though the events happened yesterday.

It is crammed with superb historical material, such as the entire, tremendous Strachey family demonstrating, intelligently and belligerently, at once, and the author chanting Swinburne late at night in the cloisters of Neville's Court in Trinity in the ebullient company of Clive Bell, Lytton Strachey and Thoby Stephen. The photographs are magnificent and include some of the redoubtable Stephen sisters, Virginia and Vanessa, looking like sensitive and brilliant racehorses of incomparable elegance and breeding.

Walk To The Paradise Gardens, by Charmian Clift, has basic elements of a woman's magazine serial, but is in fact an oddly disturbing and ferociously observed study of a smooth and successful married couple—Australian, and it is closely relevant—encountering on a holiday a set of people and circumstances which combine to upset and finally explode their relationship, which was waiting for just such a tragic chain of disaster.

The characters are fresh and curious, the setting exotic to English

eyes, the drama heightened not simply for its own sake but also to illuminate the characters more clearly. I found it a sad and persuasive book, and not at all the hot bath novel I had taken it for at the outset.

A Number Of Things, by Honor Tracy, is a wild, passionately irreverent and enormously unrighteous (according to current In-Attitudes) career round the Caribbean with Henry Lamb, a darling young Candide who becomes involved in any amount of trouble through visiting the locale as the special correspondent of a loony left-wing publication (I can't think that there are many still in business as loony as all that), and records his impressions as seen through innocent yet profoundly disabused eyes.

I found the book painfully funny, and an enormous relief in its undisguised, ebullient enjoyment in making all kinds of rude gestures towards the agonized and holier-than-thou attitudes we are prone to adopt about certain areas of the globe where all is not quite as it was 100 years ago. Miss Tracy runs a touch wild at times, but the book's total effect seemed to me bracing and therapeutic.

I am a keen collector of the more strange and unexpected autobiographies of leeches in foreign climes (*A Cure For Serpents* is still far and away my favourite in the genre) and *Microbes, Men & Monarchs* (note the highly relevant order) by Aldo Castellani is a peach of its kind.

He was born in Florence, studied in London, worked in Africa, Ceylon, Serbia, Poland and Mussolini's Italy. His patients included sundry ex-monarchs and Rudolph Valentino, and he writes about them with a sort of shrewd and discreet affection. But his real tenderness is lavished upon the truly important things in life, as anyone can tell by reading one of the many paragraphs that begin "Another dear little microbe I specially love . . ." or words to that effect.

This is a strange and beguiling book.

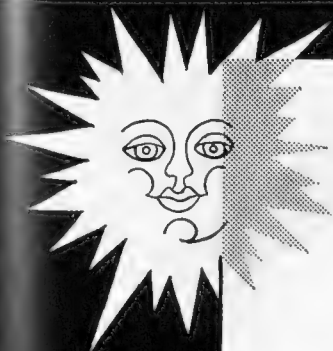
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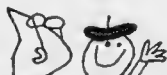
LANCÔME





GALLERIES

Alan Roberts



Round the abstract bend

ALAN REYNOLDS IS A PAINTER WHOSE development we watched for many years with growing excitement and then suddenly, two years ago, with alarm. Like Pasmore, Moynihan,

Jack Smith and several other artists of note before him, he had gone round the bend—or, as Eric Newton puts it less ambiguously, he had turned a corner.

Leaving behind a friendly world of familiar and much-loved natural phenomena—sky, earth and vegetable growth—he had suddenly rushed out into the only half-charted (but already densely populated) limbo of abstract art.

At first our reaction was a mixture of indignation—was this the way for an artist to treat his friends?—and nostalgic regret. However, we remembered that we had felt the same way about Pasmore and lived not only to get over it but even to like his new look. Since we cared more for Reynolds than for Pasmore the

process might be more difficult and more painful, but the result would probably be the same.

That, at any rate, was the mood in which we went to see the artist's most recent work at the Redfern, and it was heartening to find that our sentiments were echoed (even if only between the lines) by Eric Newton in his introduction to the exhibition catalogue.

Mr. Newton's integrity as a critic is far too great for him to jump on to the abstract bandwagon, as so many lesser critics have done, without fully grasping the nature of the art he is analysing. Such integrity is not rare only among critics. It is rare—even more rare probably—among artists. But there can be little doubt—certainly there is none in my mind—that Alan Reynolds has this sort of integrity. I am not convinced by the fact that, like Pasmore, Moynihan and Smith, he was doing nicely thank you as a figurative artist. I am convinced by the evidence of this impressive exhibition.

The awareness that colour, shape and surface quality can express something in themselves demands a qualitative change in the nature of appreciation. Without that awareness the primary virtue of abstract painting—to convey to the viewer new sensations through new images, is defeated. Criticism of such painting should widen that awareness by helping people to empty their minds

of the clutter of associative ideas.

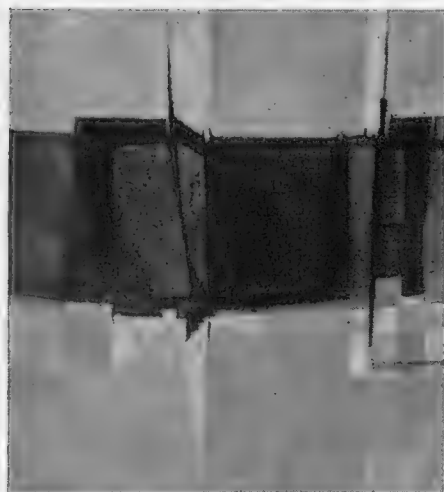
The Reynolds' exhibition is an excellent one at which to begin the good work. For although there are references in some of his titles to the Coast, to Kent and to Pastoral, he is not an "abstract impressionist" but a "pure" painter whose paint speaks for itself.

I have left far less room than it deserves for the show of recent pictures by the Indian artist, Avinash Chandra. But I do urge you to see it. Avinash, as he signs himself, combines a profusion of imagery with a profusion of colour to produce curiously involved yet basically uncomplicated pictures of rare appeal.

There may be for us echoes of Van Gogh in the multiple suns that blaze from the skies in his cityscapes, or of Picasso in the sex symbols concealed in his "figure" paintings, but for him there is only the influence of his own Indian-ness.

"I have no influences," he says. "I don't see anything. I work all the time."

The Indian tradition of patterning is instinctive in him. Whether he calls his paintings *City of churches* or *The goddesses*, *Many moons* or *Honeymoon*, he cannot (nor should he want to) escape from this instinct. It has resulted fortuitously in an art which combines elements of abstraction and representation in just the degree that is now easily accepted by a wide public.



Abstract by Reynolds at the exhibition



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TAKE A NEW LOOK AT YOUR BEAUTY WAYS



PRISCILLA CONRAN

GOOD LOOKS "MIRROR, mirror on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?" At Marshall & Snelgrove is something that can give a more reliable answer. There Lancôme are staging, for the first time here, a closed-circuit TV showing. Customers are screened for 15 minutes and the results are a moving, living, electrifying picture of hair, skin and eyes which leap into focus under the telling eye of the camera. The depth of the picture is such that you can see tomorrow's defects, next year's lines—and take action about them today. But it's only on until Saturday.

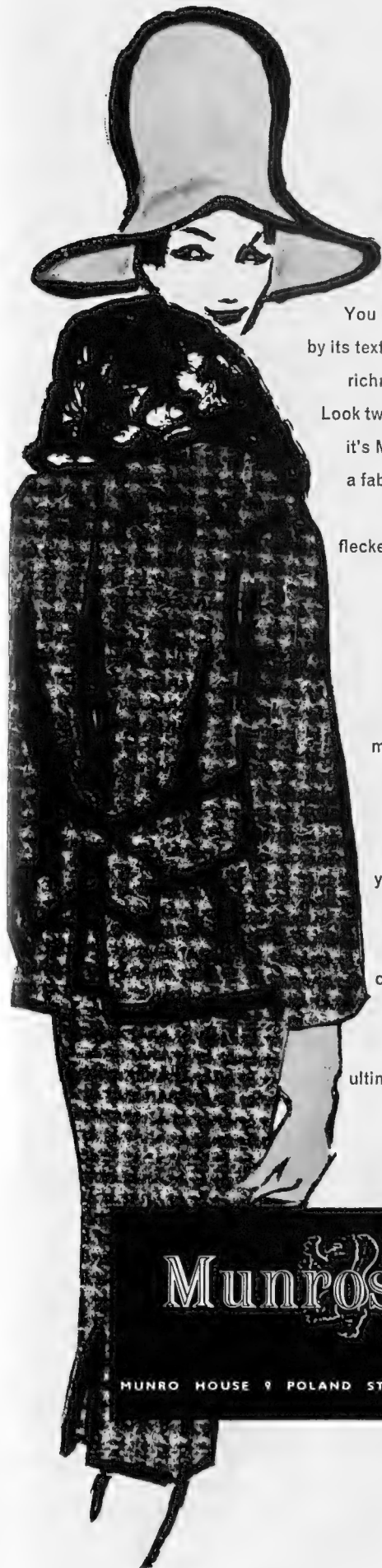
Meanwhile, for those who just have to manage at home with a mirror, the first question is: can they see themselves in it, or is it so far away across the dressing-table that it's only for the long-sighted? If it is, the chances are that the dressing-table is too big and that you also have another problem: you can't find your make-up because it's all mixed up with old stuff you've hoarded in the vast drawers. Jet-age designers (especially the Scandinavians) have thought up an answer in the form of units that can sit on a table, or small chest of drawers, and hold a streamlined minimum of make-up. This means that the mirror is portable, *i.e.* can be pulled nearer, pushed away, if needed. In the picture is a rosewood version which can hang on the wall or sit on a flat surface. It costs £15 17s. 6d. from Heal's.

The newest minimum in make-up to fill the new units are Dorothy Gray's roll-on applicator called *Beauti-Lash* for spruce lashes (off beat in *Hazel*) and their propelling eye-brow pencil (shadowy in *Dove*, or matching *Hazel*). Early-morning eyes like the kind, muted shadow of Gala's smart *Olive*, *Beige* and *Brown Pearl* sticks but sparkle under night lights with the aid of *Gold Pearl*, which rims the lids in gilt. A fair double deal for eyebrows and eyelids with Innox's propelling eye pencil with a self-sharpener in charcoal, green, black and brown. A stinging flowery blue shines through Innox's shadow *Cornflower Blue* and they complete the flower theme with *Wild Poppy* lipstick—an undating red to lighten brown.

Spice for chilly mornings is provided by Fath's *Green Water*, now packed smartly in a grass-green covered felt atomizer—37s. 6d.

Last word on hands, which are well catered for with the timeless antique tortoiseshell manicure set in the picture with implements, bottles and circular case made out of rich brown shell. £26 10s. from Liberty. Good hands can be kept good looking with Lenthal's *Tweed* Hand Lotion which, apart from its lingering ingredient *Tweed*, has proven healing properties. So does Atkinson's *Olva*, a blend of moisturizers and oils in a fine emulsion which acts like magic on unhappy hands.

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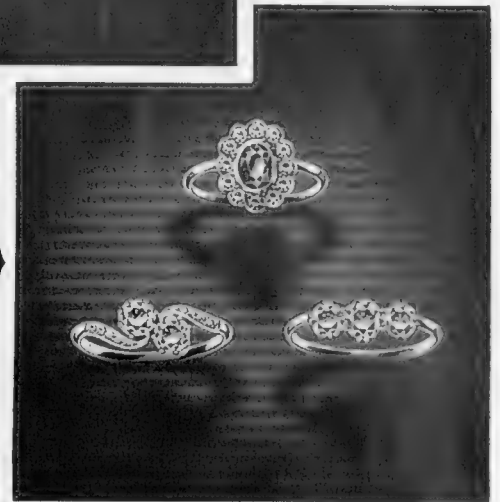
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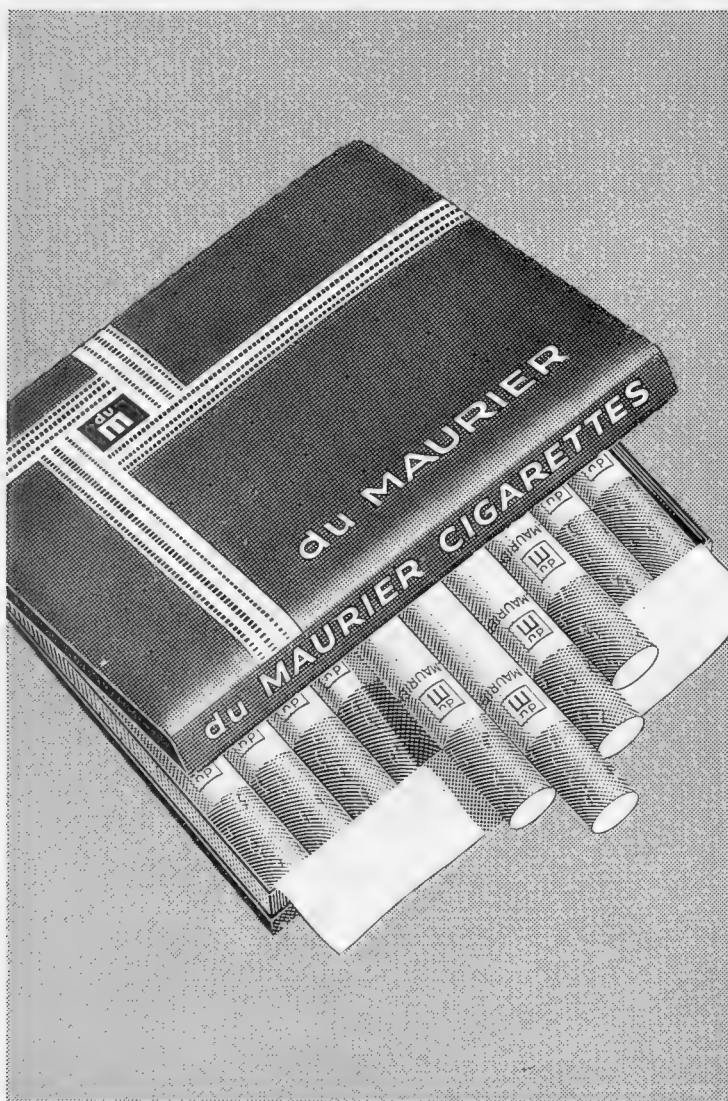
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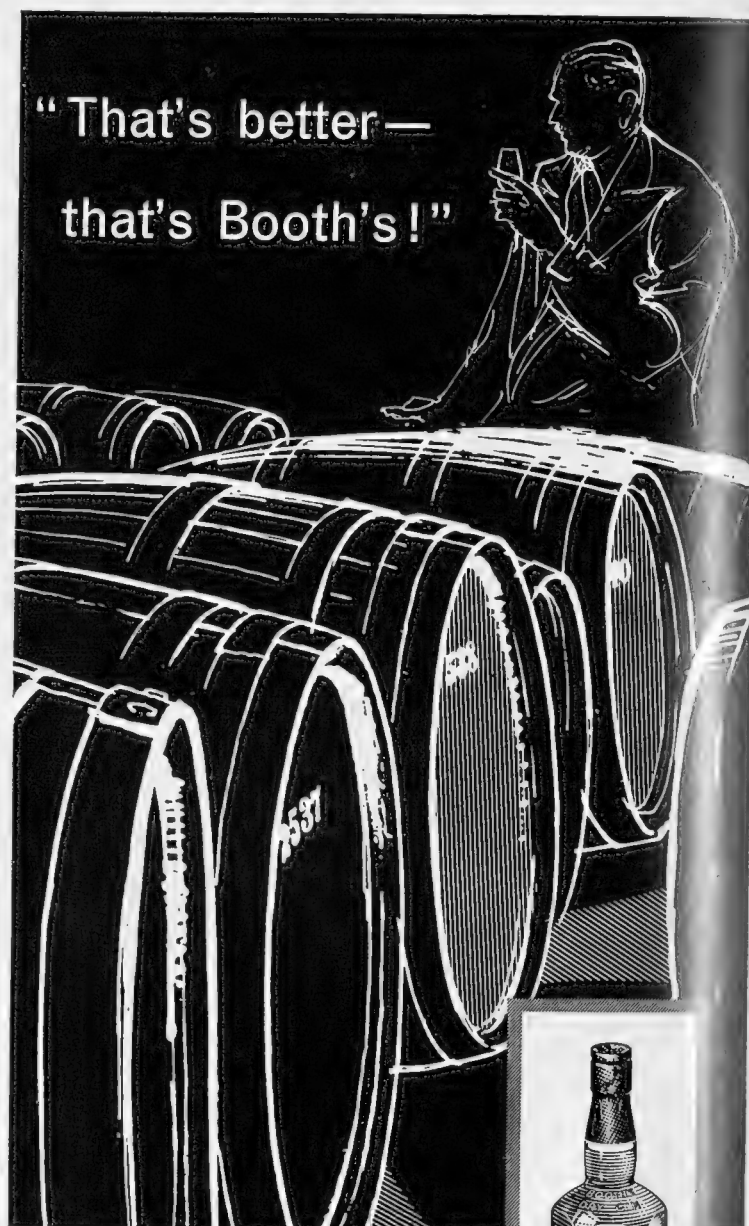
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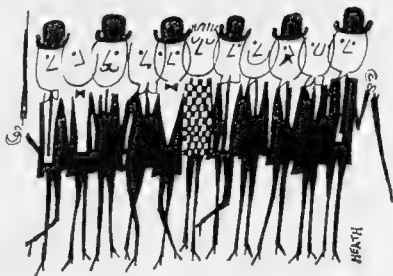
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MAN'S WORLD

Johnathon
Radcliffe

LAST YEAR MORE THAN £6 MILLION was spent in Britain on men's toilet preparations and at least three-quarters of the money was handed over by women at Christmas time. This year the safest bet in the world is that even more will be spent, but more significant is this: the companies concerned, 30 or so, are so confident about the prospects for their tales, tonics, pre-shaves and after-shaves that they say they can now afford to drop the woman's appeal in their advertising and aim straight at us instead. "Impeccable grooming," "Men of distinction," or just plain "Rugged outdoor freshness"—the epithets pour out and, let's face it, they have drowned our resistance. Gone for ever are the days when carbolic soap and hard water were all that were required for good grooming. (Perhaps the strangest twist of all is that Shultons, who are said to hold nearly 30 per cent of the market with *Old Spice*, now feel able to turn the tables altogether and sell a feminine preparation, called *Desert Flower*!)

Squeeze, drip, stream or spray—you'll find it all along the cosmetic counters. Aggressively masculine is the only way to describe Helena Rubinstein's "Prince Gourielli" in its cocktail-shaker type pack. *Imperial black and gold* for Elizabeth Arden's range, which have ridges round the soap and bottles to make sure they stay with you even if your hands are wet. Max Factor have a complete *Busy Man's Bar*, with bar tap handles to fit into the bottles. Simpsons, Piccadilly, have just introduced their own brand, *West One*, in miniature whisky bottles—perhaps remembering that not so long ago men wore anything more scented than Lifebuoy with the guilty look of a secret drinker. Freesha Oil and Violet Oil are only two of Yardley's established pro-

ducts for men. (As far back as 1770 they were selling bear's grease for the sleeker look.)

The difference in price range is enormous; *Albany*, manufactured by Boots, is only a few shillings, whereas you can buy a document case and portfolio fully equipped for £37 if you like. It is the higher price-bracket which has had the greatest success so far, probably due to the carefully retained sense of sophistication and luxury which the packaging suggests.

The other side to putting odours on is that only 5 per cent of Englishmen use any form of deodorant. Curious that people who have taken so readily to Alka-Seltzer and chlorophyll tablets should still feel that there is something off about a deodorant. Possibly the manufacturers have a responsibility here; they could well find a more pleasing and less clinical word for "deodorant."

Do they do any actual good, these liquids with their high-sounding names evoking memories of the Court of St. James's and foam-flecked equestrians? The medical profession is not easily drawn on the subject. But the majority agree that the preparations do have a toning-up effect on the skin, and help to keep it clean and free from grease. The mild antiseptic they contain is also all to the good and the pre-electric-shave lotions do prepare the bristles for a closer cropping. Their real purpose of freshening up is certainly achieved, and their usually pleasant tang completes a man's grooming.

I might just mention one asset of an after-shave lotion which I have not seen mentioned in any of the advertisements. If you are feeling tired on a long car journey try dabbing a drop or two on the back of your neck. The brightening effect that it has is remarkable.



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Beautiful leather, the finest material for shoes and loved by those who appreciate its subtle qualities, is used with distinction in 'Lapade', a simple court with fashion's favourite veneered heel, and of course, FLEXIBLE LEATHER SOLES. Black or Spanish Brown baby calf—AA, B & C fittings. 5 gns.

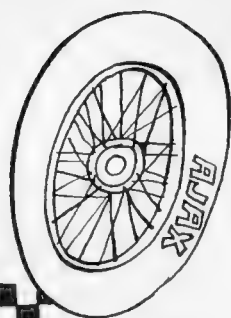
A SEXTON SHOE AT

Russell & Bromley

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MOTORING

Gordon
Wilkins



No shocks in car couture

THE AUTUMN COLLECTIONS SOON TO be shown in Paris, London and Turin will reveal few fashion innovations from this side of the Atlantic. Conformity settles over the European scene as the angular two-box outline is generally adopted. Shoulders are square and the waistline is, as usual, just below the windows. Bizarre inserts and gussets of second and third colours, or appliqué motifs in anodized aluminium are out. At most, slim bright strips or light, sculptured mouldings accentuate the basically elongated silhouette. The important, capacious trunk is in and the beetle-back persists only on the Volkswagen, whose makers are notoriously impervious to the demands of transient fashion. Rich, gleaming materials with metallic threads are used more extensively as a change from leather and plastic, and there is a strong feeling for single colours in new, subtle shades.

But for bold innovations and wild experiments we must look to Detroit, where the design studios produce an endless flow of new ideas with smooth competence.

mounted on top of the wings.

Today the B.M.C. announces attractive new 1½-litre station wagons with Farina-styled bodies called the Austin A.55 Countryman and the Morris Oxford Traveller. The design follows the current convention for this kind of vehicle, but there are two unusual and practical features. The rear seat folds away to make a flat cargo-carrying floor, but the backrest is carried on a pivoted sub-frame and can swing forward to make an extended floor when the front seats are pushed right forward. This gives a six-foot sleeping compartment for campers. The rear backrest is split horizontally, so that one half makes the extended floor and the other lies at an angle to form a pillow.

In the event of a puncture a wheel can be changed without removing all the luggage, because the spare wheel lies in a separate under-floor cradle which is wound down with the starting handle. Access to handle, jack and other tools is obtained by lifting the rear four inches of floor to reveal a narrow tool compartment where the electric petrol pump also resides.

Over the other B.M.C. offerings in this field, the Austin Seven and Miniminor station wagons, it would be kinder to draw a veil were it not that they symbolize a malaise not confined to the motor industry. Here is a small saloon which has earned world-wide acclaim as a major step forward in small car design. From it has been developed a delightful small van which is having a tremendous success. When it came to turning the van into a station wagon you might think they could not go wrong; but they did, loading its neat all-steel body with applied lumps of non-functional timber decoration to produce the automotive equivalent of an Olde Tudor Tea Shoppe. The fashion-conscious motorist, especially if he lives in a hard climate, will not relish paying for heavy and useless timber that is bound to deteriorate before the car's metal parts. He would prefer to spend the money on an efficient heater or on better synchromesh for all the gears in the gearbox, including first.

Out in Turin the other day, having a preview of some of the new models in preparation for the London and Turin shows, I met

Carlo Abarth whose Gran Turismo 2.2-litre with coupé and convertible bodies by Allemano will be seen at this year's London show for the first time. He has developed a new little twin-cam engine of 992 c.c. which is delivering 90 horsepower and should give his tiny waist-high sports coupés phenomenal performance. He is also strengthening front and rear suspension, which should at last allow him to employ some real braking power without causing the whole front end to disappear in a blur of vibration, and really the power now obtained from these expensive Italian engines is not very much more than the output our tuning wizards are getting from Ford Anglia and B.M.C. units in formula junior racing cars.

Other rumours in the sports car field concern a super-powered Berkeley, and a Lea Francis revival.

Personally, I rarely wear a hat; if I did, I would raise it high and sweep it low to Pat Moss and Ann Wisdom who beat the best of the men to score an outright victory in their Austin Healey 3000 in the toughest of all European rallies: the Liège-Rome-Liège. It was Britain's first victory and will be the last, for the event will not be held again. Because of the curious press convention that some events are news and others are not, the Liège-Rome-Liège is entirely unknown to the British public, but is far tougher than more publicized events.

Originally it started at Liège, went to Rome and returned to Liège, involving several days on the road without pauses for rest or repairs. In recent years it has not started at Liège and has not gone to Rome, but has been diverted into Yugoslavia, where terrible roads and high average speeds crack up the best cars and drivers. It was aptly called the Marathon de la Route—the ultimate test of endurance in car and crew—but on the long hard run back to Belgium breakages in the cars and drivers falling asleep made it highly risky.

Probably the most brilliant exploit in its history was that of the late Johnny Claes, the dance band leader. His navigator being taken ill in the first few miles, he drove and navigated the whole event single-handed—80 hours of concentrated high-speed motoring. And he was already a dying man when he did it.



THE COUNTRYMAN version of the Austin Cambridge will be seen at the Motor Show. There is sleeping space for two

Some are horrible; some are destined to last. I thought the 1960 Detroit Fords some of the best-looking big cars seen for years, and the Ford group's big Lincolns the most hideous. Now it is rumoured that Lincoln has taken a turn for the better. Chrysler's Imperial stages a comeback for old-style headlamps which are mounted on stalks, but this time there are four in a row recessed within a concave front, not

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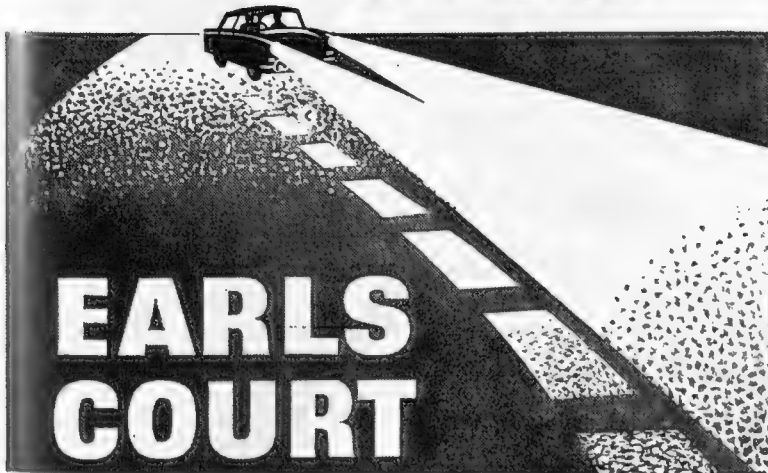
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IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING new in food, I suggest the quick-frozen cooked boned turkey roll that I found at the recent Food Fair at Olympia. I hope that it will not be long before it is generally available here. It is all meat, both white and dark, beautifully tender, surrounded by aspic made from turkey stock. I imagine that many hostesses will find it a boon during the party-giving season of the year, now close at hand.

New to this country, too, is Philadelphia cream cheese, which I am looking forward to using, particularly in a stuffing for green or red sweet peppers. Chop a little of the fleshy part of one of them. Add chopped walnuts to your own liking and blend all into the cream cheese.

Season to taste with freshly milled pepper and, perhaps, a hint of Cayenne.

Cut the stem ends off a large green and red pepper—long rather than wide one—and remove the seeds, cores and ribs. Stuff the peppers with the cream filling and place them in the refrigerator just long enough to chill them and make them firm. Cut into half-inch slices and serve as an hors d'oeuvre. For slimmers, this with starch-reduced rolls is sustaining enough for a main course.

Rice lends itself to many attractive and colourful mixtures. Here are some suggestions I gleaned at a luncheon given by the American rice industry during the Fair. First, Golden Rice Salad, which I

liked very much. This was served with thinly sliced cold turkey roll. It would also be excellent with any cold meats, seafoods and ham-burgers.

For 4 servings, first mix together 3 tablespoons olive or maize oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and freshly milled pepper to taste. Slowly blend into them a tablespoon of tarragon vinegar.

Cook 5 to 6 oz. long-grained rice in your usual way so that each grain is separate and just cooked and no more. While it is still hot, trickle the dressing over it. Add 8 to 10 chopped ripe olives, a small cup of chopped celery hearts, 3 to 4 tablespoons chopped dill pickles, 2 chopped canned red sweet peppers, 2 roughly chopped hard-boiled eggs and 3 to 4 chopped green onions, including the green. Mix together a teaspoon of prepared mustard and just enough not-too-firm mayonnaise to dress the mixture. Gently turn it over and over in the dressing and serve from a flattish dish.

Oyster Rice Dressing is very much like the one I use for stuffing turkey or capon, but with oysters in place of *pâté de foie*.

Cover 4 oz. long-grained rice with a pint of chicken or turkey giblet stock. Add seasoning to taste. Cover, bring to the boil, then reduce the heat and barely simmer for 14 minutes.

Meanwhile gently cook a chopped small onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery

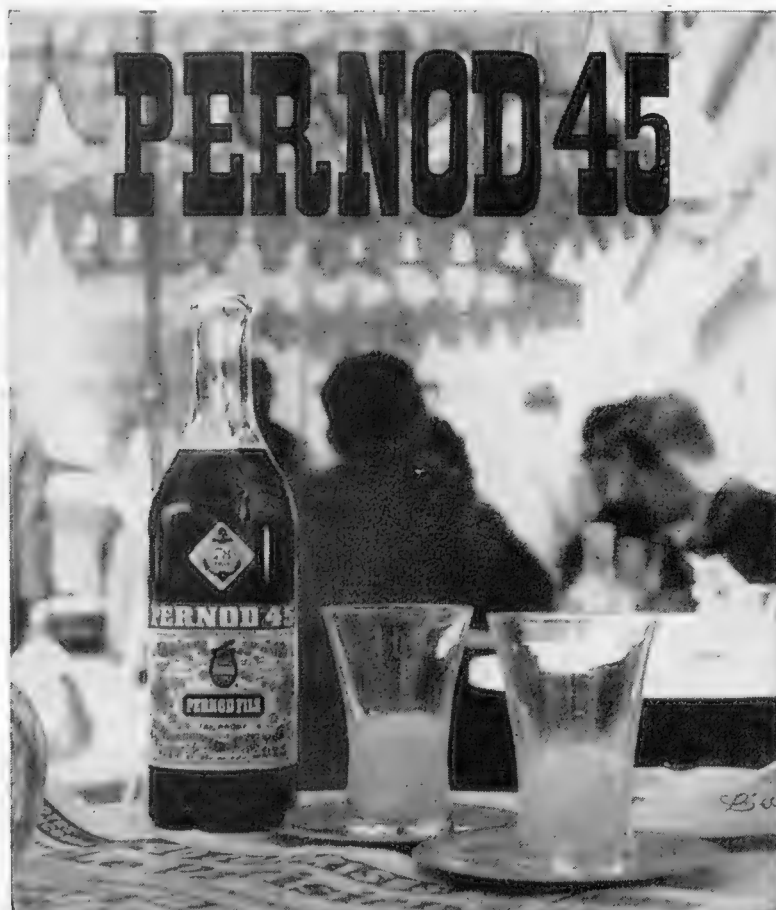
and $\frac{1}{2}$ clove finely minced garlic (optional) in an ounce of butter. Add a dozen small oysters and cook them just long enough to curl the edges. Remove from the heat and add a small cupful of small bread cubes, first toasted to a warm gold. Beat together an egg and a tablespoon of chopped parsley and add them. Toss this mixture with the rice.

Turn into a buttered shallow oven-dish, cover closely with aluminium foil and bake for 20 minutes at 450 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 8. Serve with mince collops or use to stuff turkey or chicken.

American Prawn Pilaff is a very pleasant light main dish or, if served on scallop shells, it would make a very good hors d'oeuvre. The following quantities are for 6.

Chop a medium-sized onion and gently cook it in 2 oz. butter until a pale gold. Stir in 2 cups of nicely dry cooked rice and lightly mix them together.

Combine in a saucepan 1 lb. can tomatoes, a small cup of chopped celery, a crushed bay leaf, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika and salt to taste. Heat until the cheese is melted, then fold in the rice and a cup of shelled prawns or flaked crab meat. Turn the mixture into a buttered casserole, dot the surface with $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. butter, cut in small pieces, and bake for 25 minutes in a moderately slow oven (325 degrees Fahr.).



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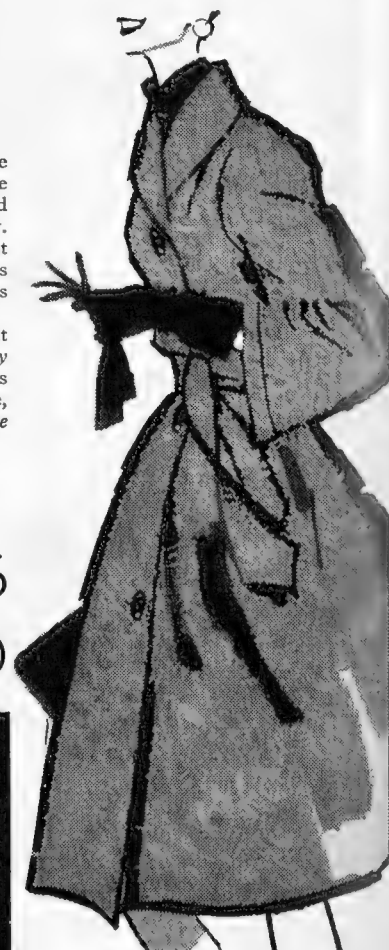
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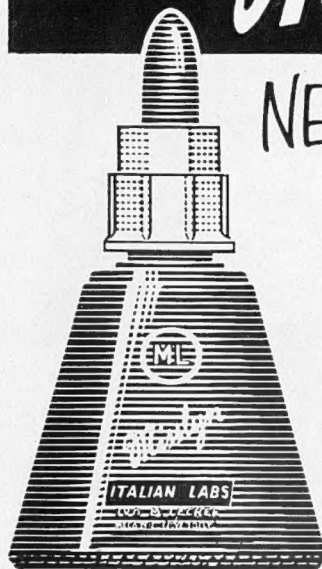


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